The Wreath of Gems

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS

BY

V. T. BARNWELL.

32,321

THE

WREATH OF GEMS;

OR,

STRICTLY FAVORITE SONGS AND TUNES

FOR THE

Sunday School,

AND FOR GENERAL USE IN

PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

BY

V. T. BARNWELL.

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J. J. & S. P RICHARDS.

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PREFACE.

THIS work has been planned and executed to meet a strong and growing demand for a music book calculated to bring the Church and the Sunday School closer together; *i. e.* make their respective exercises more homogeneous.

It is an undeniable fact that the Sunday Schools of the day are singing one class of music, while another and a very different kind is used in the Church. Now, in just so far as the Sunday School is the "Nursery of the Church," the tendency of the Sunday School singing of the present day is to draw the Church away from the use of those old, tried, and standard Songs of Zion, which, on account of their true merit, have become so eminently popular for Church purposes.

We would not advocate a too radical change in the style of Sunday School music—we would not rob the School of any life and vigor derived from cheerful music of a chaste and elevating character—we would not have the chlldren sing exclusively dull, sluggish hymn-tunes. On the other hand, we would not have the service of the Sanctuary debased by the introduction of a class of music totally unsuited to, and beneath, its solemn dignity.

What we desire is, to have the Sunday School adopt and use many of the choice, stirring Church Tunes and Hymns. The membership of the Church should, also, constantly endeavor to learn the better class of Sunday School music practiced in the School. Then may "*All the people*," old and young, come together in the Great Congregation and sing, *with one accord*, such pieces as a refined and cultivated taste may deem peculiarly adapted to the occasion.

We have, therefore, prepared this work; giving about, or nearly, the usual number of pieces found in a Sunday School music book—endeavoring to insert *absolutely nothing not practically useful*. One half of the book (the left-hand page, throughout) has been devoted to metrical tunes, (the names of which, in each metre respectively, will be found alphabetically arranged,) and the remaining pages have been filled with sparkling Sunday School music. It is hoped that not so much as *one single piece*, in the whole book, will be found uninteresting, or otherwise impracticable.

It will be readily seen that this collection is not the work of one, two, or three minds; but that its contents have been culled from the best productions of many authors of unquestionable ability, without regard to copyright expense; most of the music herein contained is, therefore, copyright property, and the public is cautioned not to use it in other collections, without first obtaining permission from the authors, or owners of the copyrights.

The music by Dr. Lowell Mason and others has been inserted by permission of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.; that by W. B. Bradbury and others, by permission of Messrs. Biglow & Main, N. Y.; that by I. B. Woodbury, by permission of Messrs. F. J. Huntington & Co., N. Y. Messrs. Wm. G. Fischer, Philadelphia; Philip Phillips, N. Y.; S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio; W. W. Rand, Sec. Am. T. Soc., N. Y.; Lewis T. Downs, Providence, R. I.; R. M. McIntosh, Cartersville, Ga.; and Wm. A. Pond & Co., N. Y., have also kindly permitted us to use many choice pieces of which they are the respective owners of the copyright.

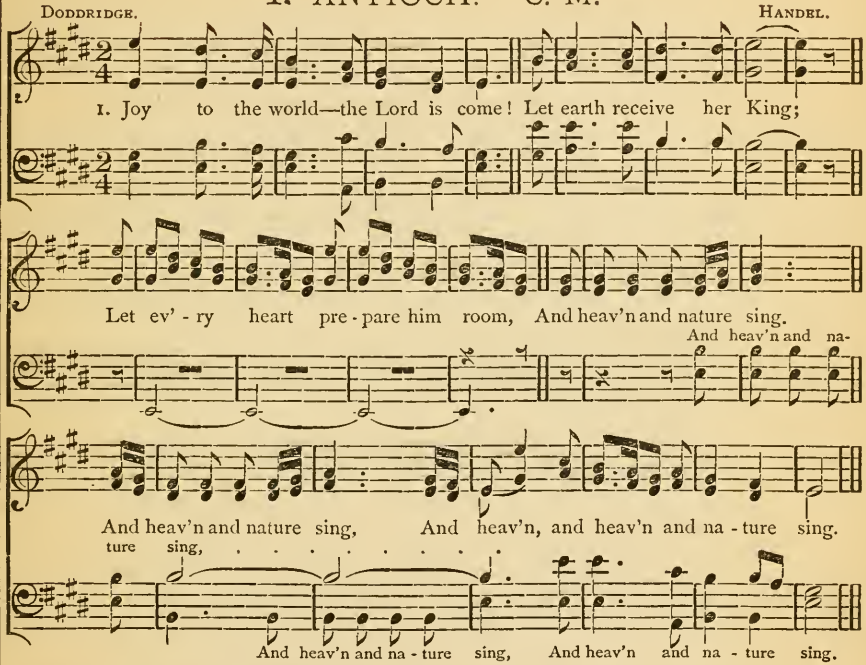
That this collection of Sunday School and Church music may, in the hands of zealous Superintendents and skillful Choristers, aided by discerning Pastors, be the means of accomplishing much good, is the earnest prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

The Wreath of Gems.

1.—ANTIOCH. C. M.

DODDRIDGE. HANDEL.



2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hill, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

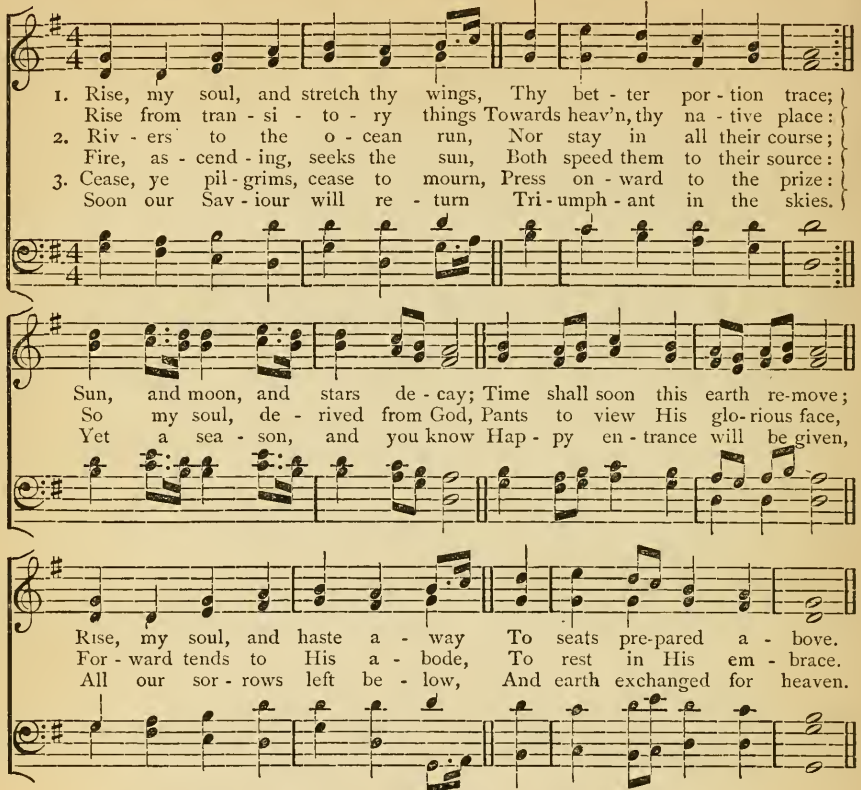
2.—C. M.

WATTS.

1 Now let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out Thy spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in Thy blood.

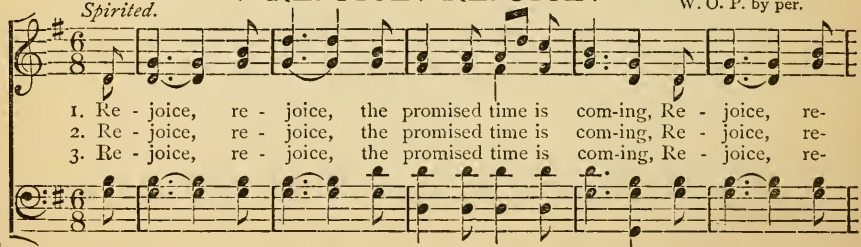
2 Thus to the parents and their seed,
Shall Thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

3.—AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. JAMES NARES.

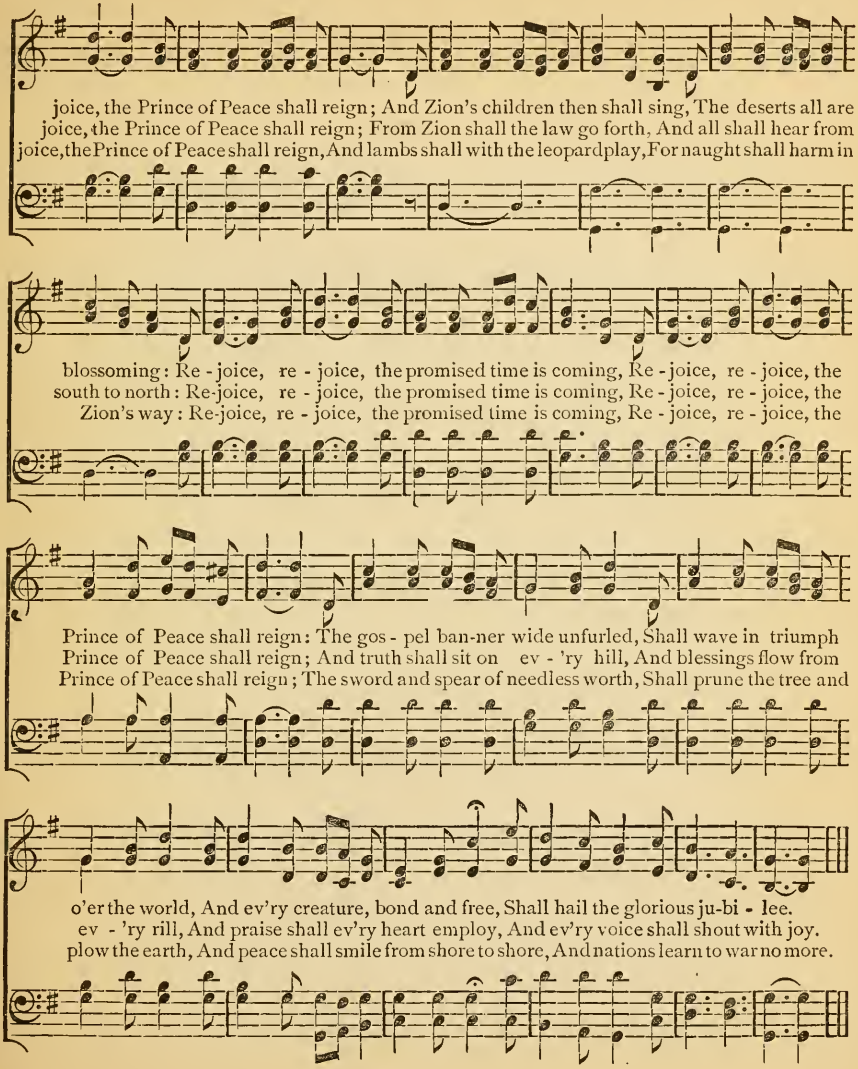


4.—REJOICE! REJOICE!

From "Starry Crown." W. O. P. by per.

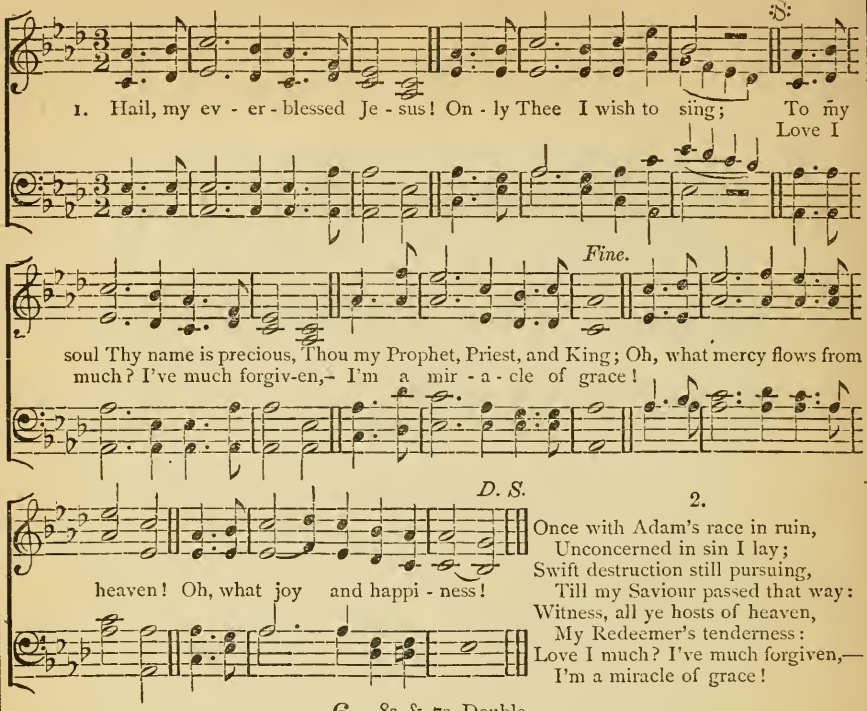


REJOICE! REJOICE! (CONCLUDED.)



5.—AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

Spanish Tune.



2.

Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way:
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness:
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace!

6.—8s & 7s Double.

1 HAIL, thou once-despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name.

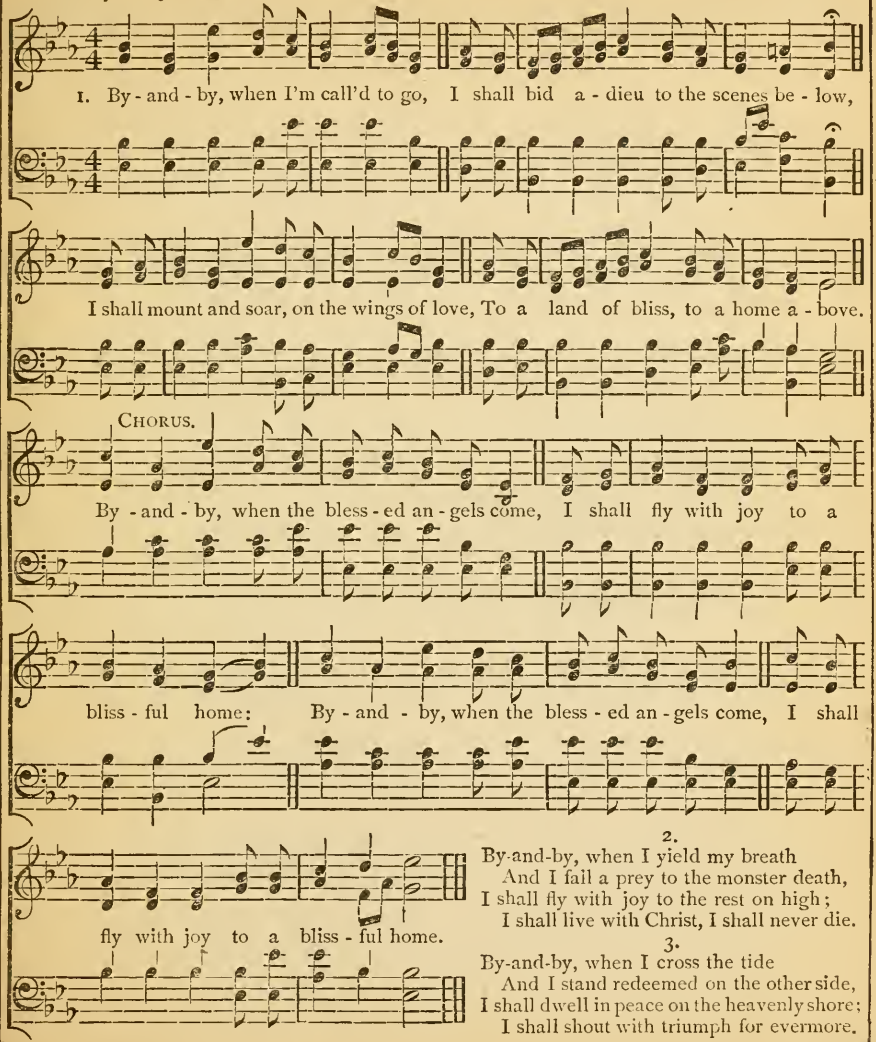
2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side;
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

7.—THE BLISSFUL HOME.

Words by Rev. J. H. MARTIN. V. T. BARNWELL.



2.

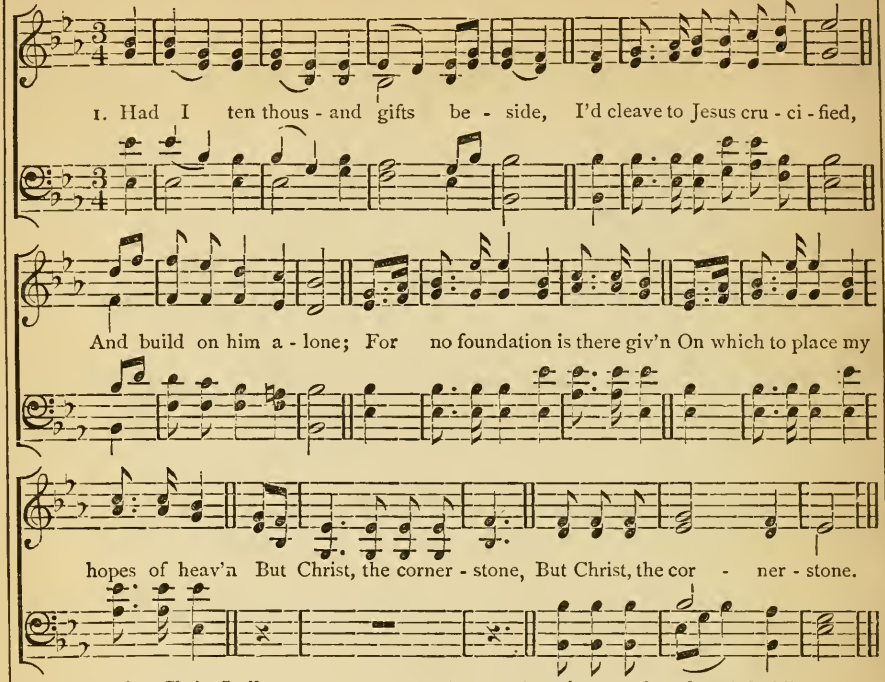
By-and-by, when I yield my breath
And I fall a prey to the monster death,
I shall fly with joy to the rest on high;
I shall live with Christ, I shall never die.

3.

By-and-by, when I cross the tide
And I stand redeemed on the other side,
I shall dwell in peace on the heavenly shore;
I shall shout with triumph for evermore.

8.—ARIEL. C. P. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2. Possessing Christ I all possess,
Wisdom and strength and righteousness,
And holiness complete;
Bold in His name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

3. There is no path to heav'nly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road:
Oh, may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice and praise and pray,
Till we sit down with God.

9.—C. P. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

1. O Glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2. Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top,
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow,

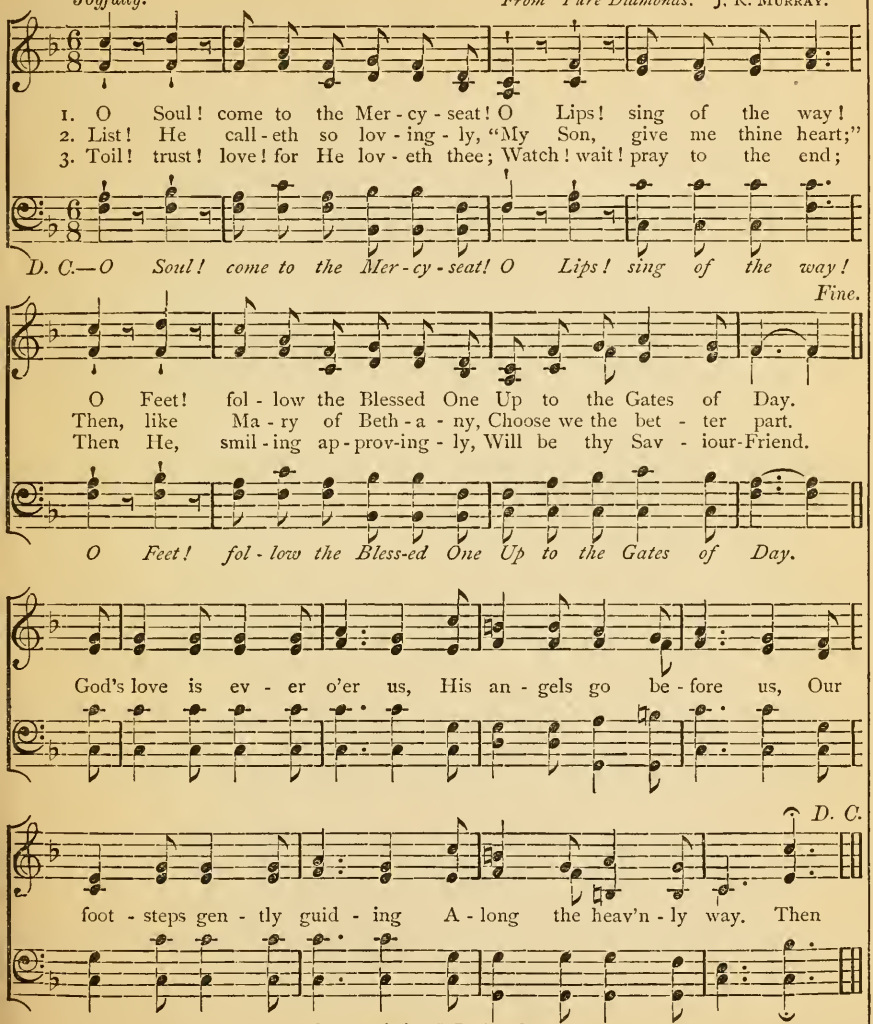
3. A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blessed:
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

10.—HIS LOVE IS EVER O'ER US.

PAULINA.

Joyfully.

From "Pure Diamonds." J. R. MURRAY.



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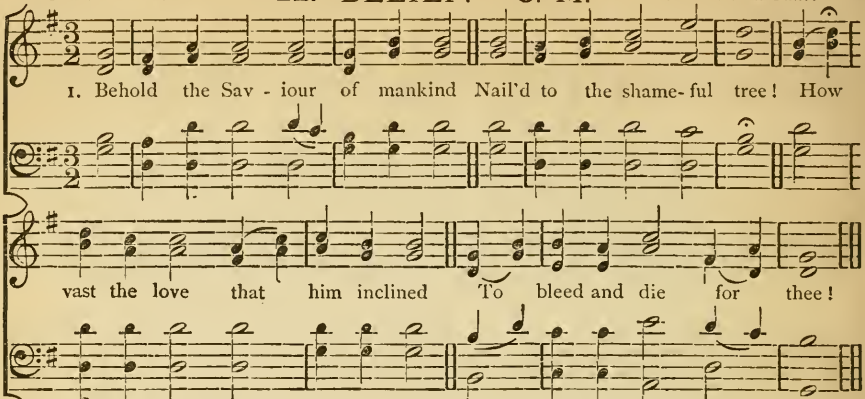
CHAS. WESLEY.

11.—BELIEF. C. M.

Old Western Tune.



Cho.—I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And through His blood, His precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

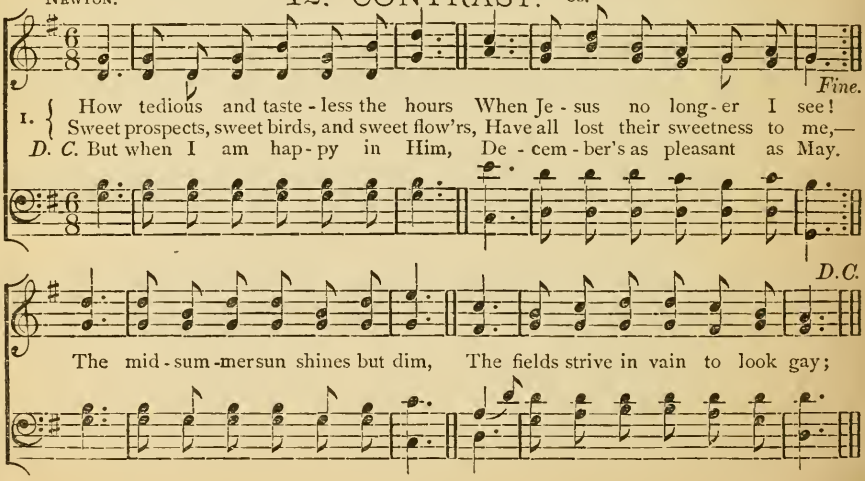
2. Hark how He groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3. 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" He cries:
See where He bows his sacred head!
He bows His head, and dies!

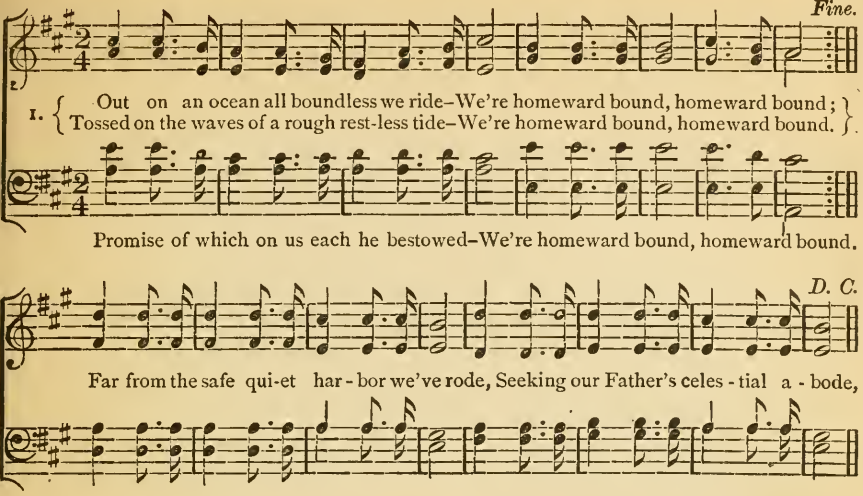
4. But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

NEWTON.

12.—CONTRAST. 8s.



13.—HOMEWARD BOUND.



2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars—
We're homeward bound;
Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores—
We're homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale:
Oh how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail—
We're homeward bound.

3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng—
We're homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,
Join in our number, O come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest—
We're homeward bound.

Conclusion of words of "CONTRAST."

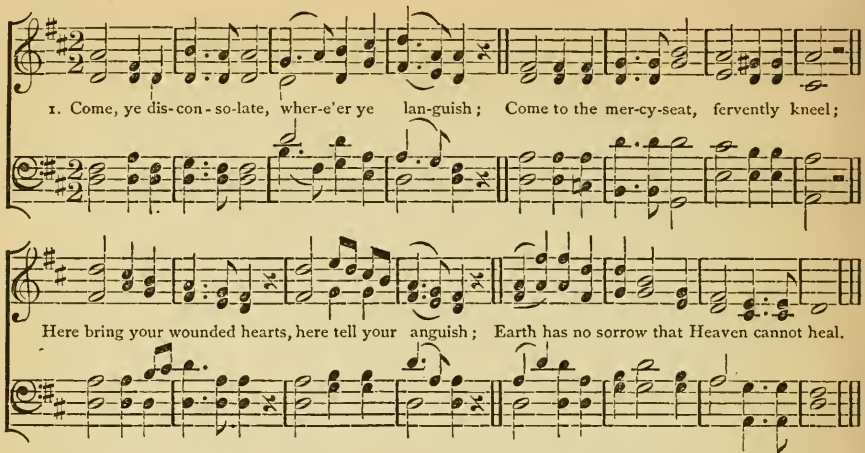
2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summers would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind.
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence before;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

14.—COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11, 10.

THOMAS MOORE. SAM. WEBBE.

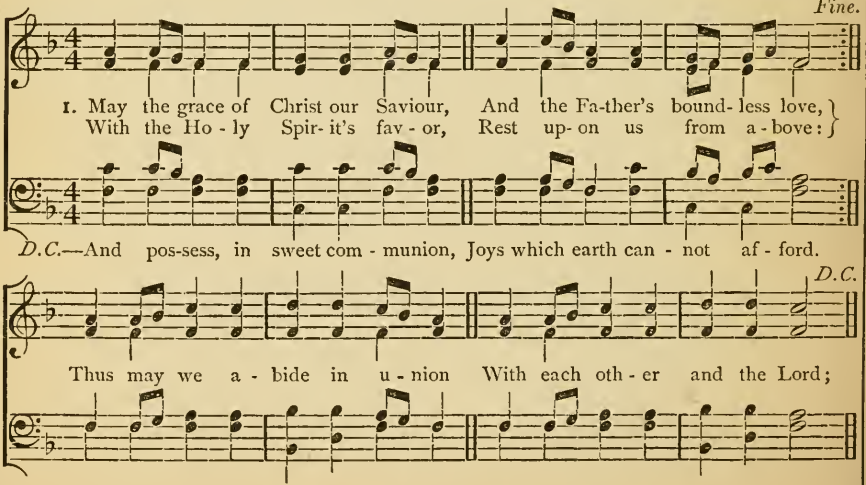


2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

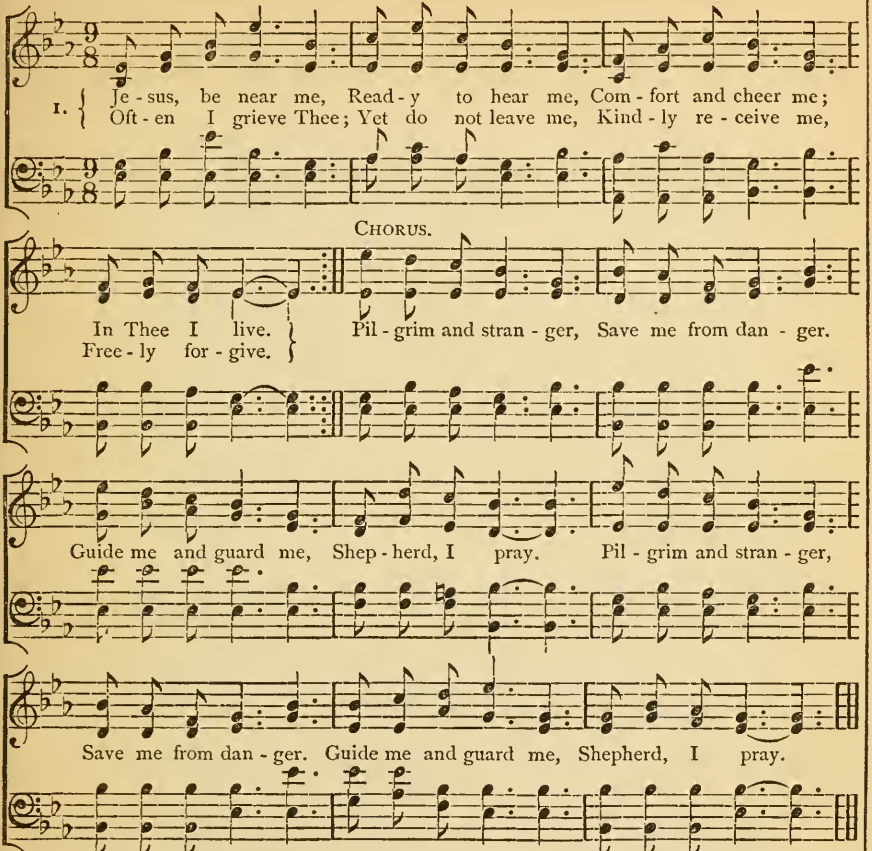
15.—GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.

JOHN NEWTON. ROUSSEAU.



16.—JESUS, BE NEAR ME.

Rev. A. A. Graley.



2. Tempters assail me:
If Thou should'st fail me,
What could avail me?
Who could uphold?
But Thou hast sought me,
Found me, and bought me,
And Thou hast brought me
Unto Thy fold.—*Cho.*

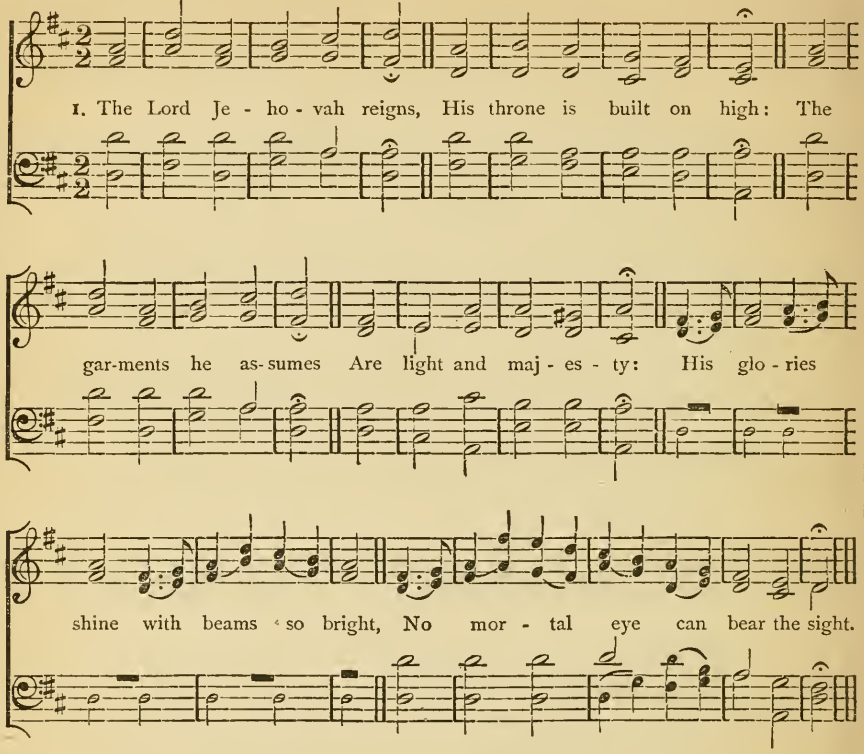
3. Purest of pleasure,
Richest of treasure,
Peace without measure,
Find I in Thee.
These I inherit
By Thy good Spirit:
I have no merit;
Thou art my plea.—*Cho.*

4. Into subjection
Bring each affection,
And Thy protection
Never withhold:
Do not forsake me,
Like thyself make me;
Then, Saviour, take me
Up to Thy fold.—*Cho.*

From "Echo to H. V." By per of the Publishers.

17.—HADDAM. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

WATTS. DR. L. MASON.



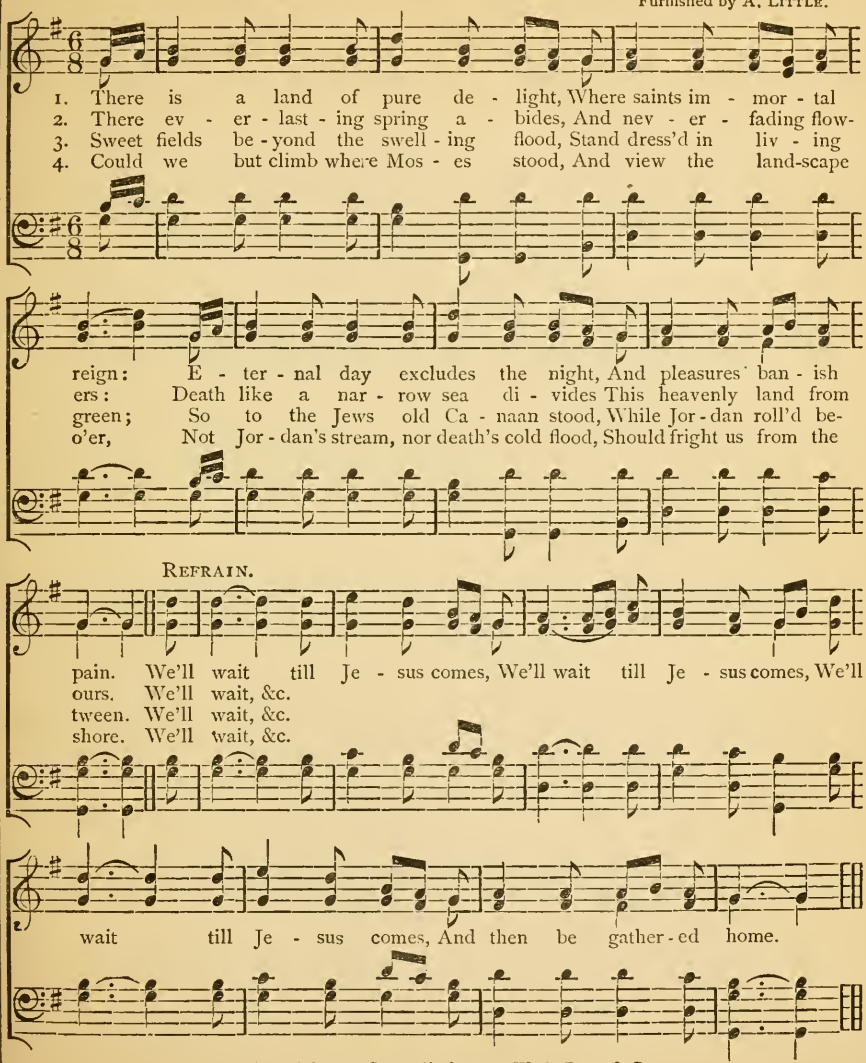
2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe:
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs:
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend?
And will He write His name
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word:
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

18.—WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

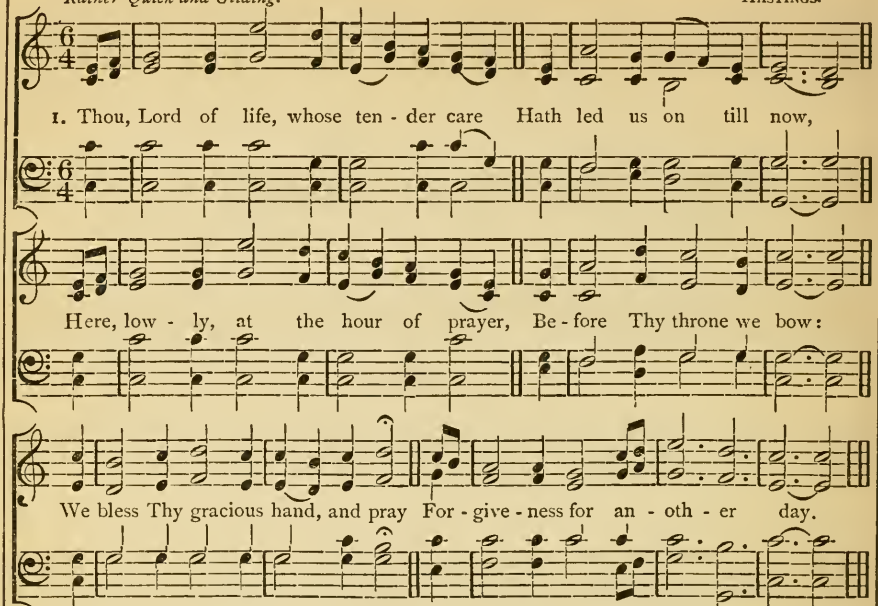
Furnished by A. Little.



From "Starry Crown." by per., W. A. Pond & Co.

19.—HASTINGS. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

Rather Quick and Gliding. HASTINGS.



2. With prayer, our humble praise we bring,
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach our hearts Thy love to sing;
Lord, teach us how to pray:
All that we have we owe to Thee,—
Thy debtors through eternity.

3. Thou, blessed God, hast been our guide,
Through life our guard and friend;
Yet still, throughout life's weary tide,
Preserve us to the end:
And when this life's sad journey's past,
Receive us to Thyself at last.

4. In our Redeemer's name, for all
These blessings we implore;
Prostrate, O Lord, before thee fall,
And gratefully adore:
Bend from Thy throne of earth and skies,
And bless our evening sacrifice.

20.—8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8. DR. T. HASTINGS.

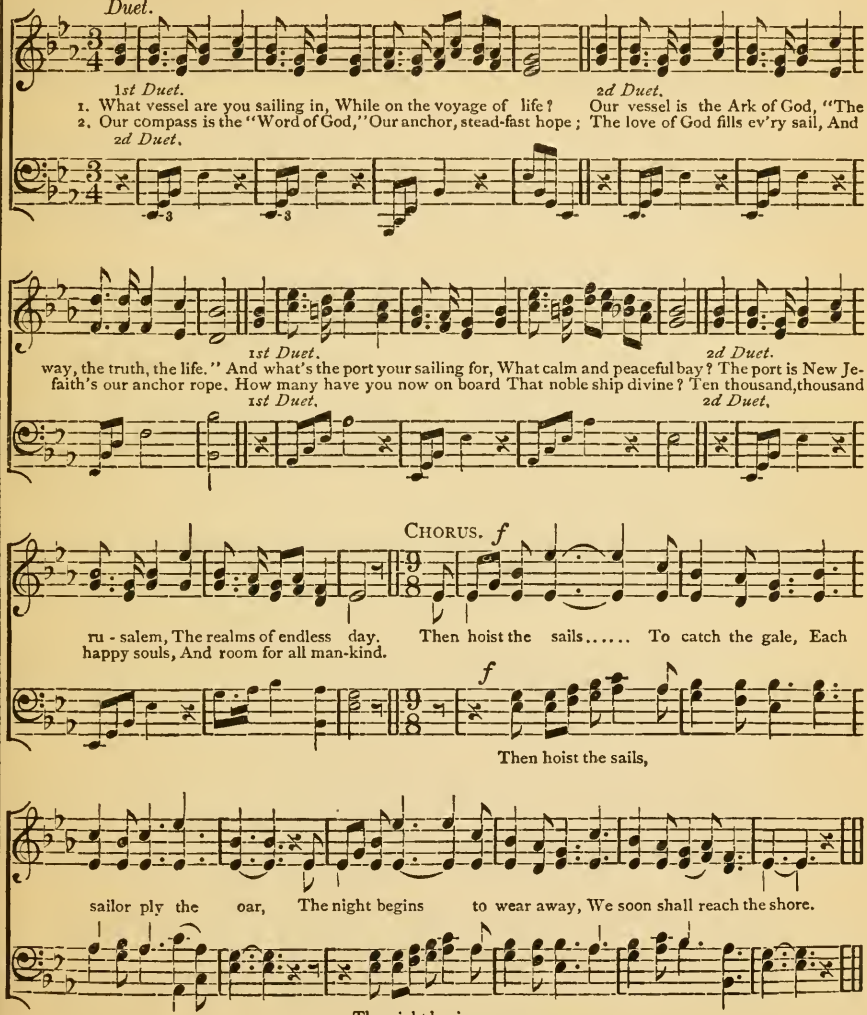
1. How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne
And veiled in midnight gloom;
O! weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

2. How tranquil now the rising day—
'Tis Jesus still appears
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears;
O! weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

3. And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die:
Since He has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

21.—THEN HOIST THE SAILS.

From "Pure Diamonds." S. WESLEY MARTIN.



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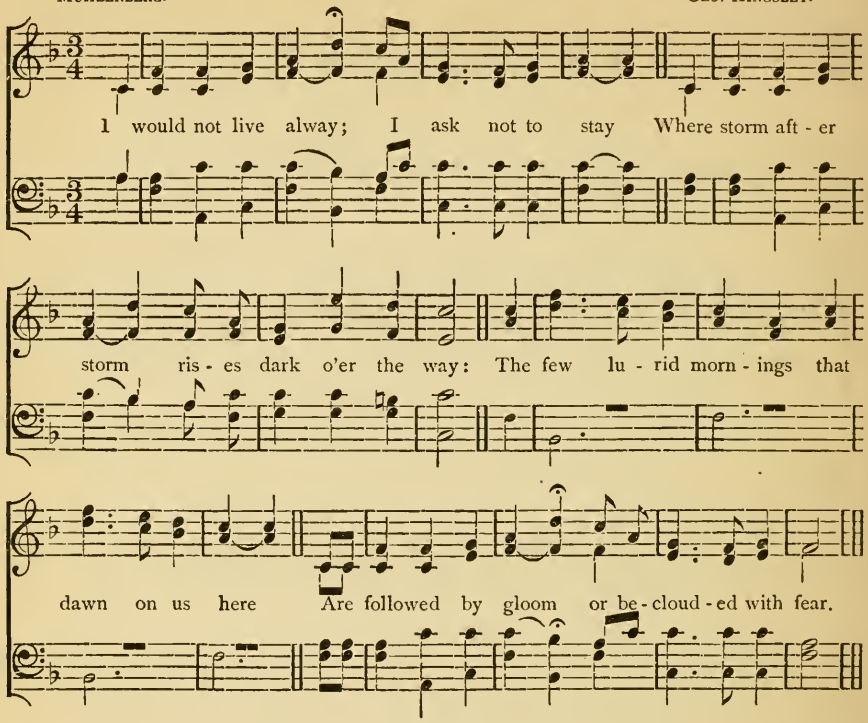
22.—KINGSLEY. 11s.

MUHLENBERG. GEO. KINGSLEY.



2.

I would not live alway thus fettered by sin,—
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3.

I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4.

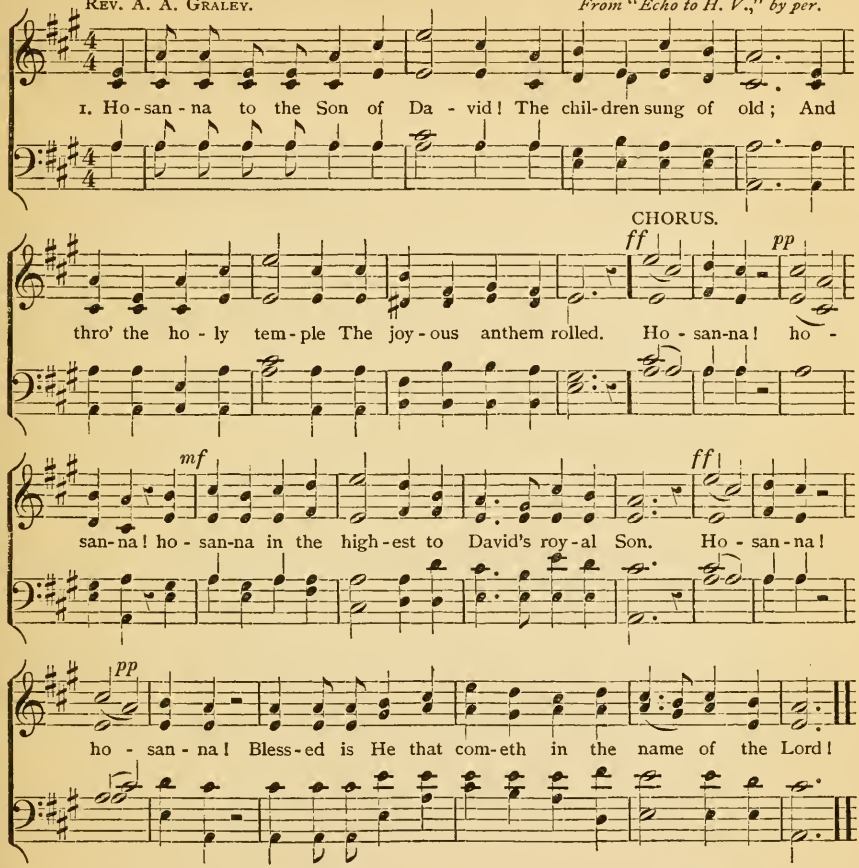
Who, who would live alway away from his God,—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5.

There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet:
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

23.—HOSANNA.

REV. A. A. GRALEY. *From "Echo to H. V.," by per.*



2 Hosanna to the Son of David!
The palm of victory wave;
Hosanna in the highest!
He comes to bless and save!—CHO.

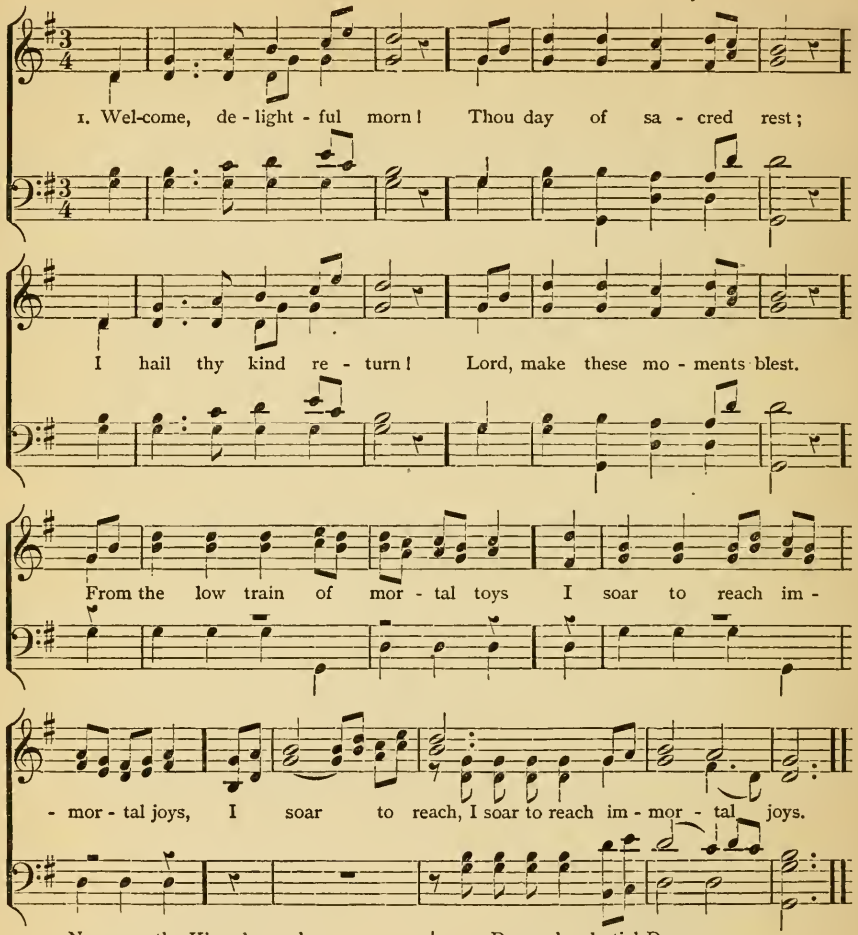
3 Hosanna to the Son of David!
They sang 'mid frowns and foes;
And louder yet, and louder,
Their song triumphant rose.—CHO.

4 Hosanna to the Son of David!
Our youthful lips reply;
For us He left His glory,
For us He came to die.—CHO.

5 Hosanna to the Son of David!
Let every creature sing,
And every heart enthrone Him
As Prophet, Priest, and King.—CHO.

24.—LISCHER. H. M.

HEYWARD. *Arr. by* DR. MASON.

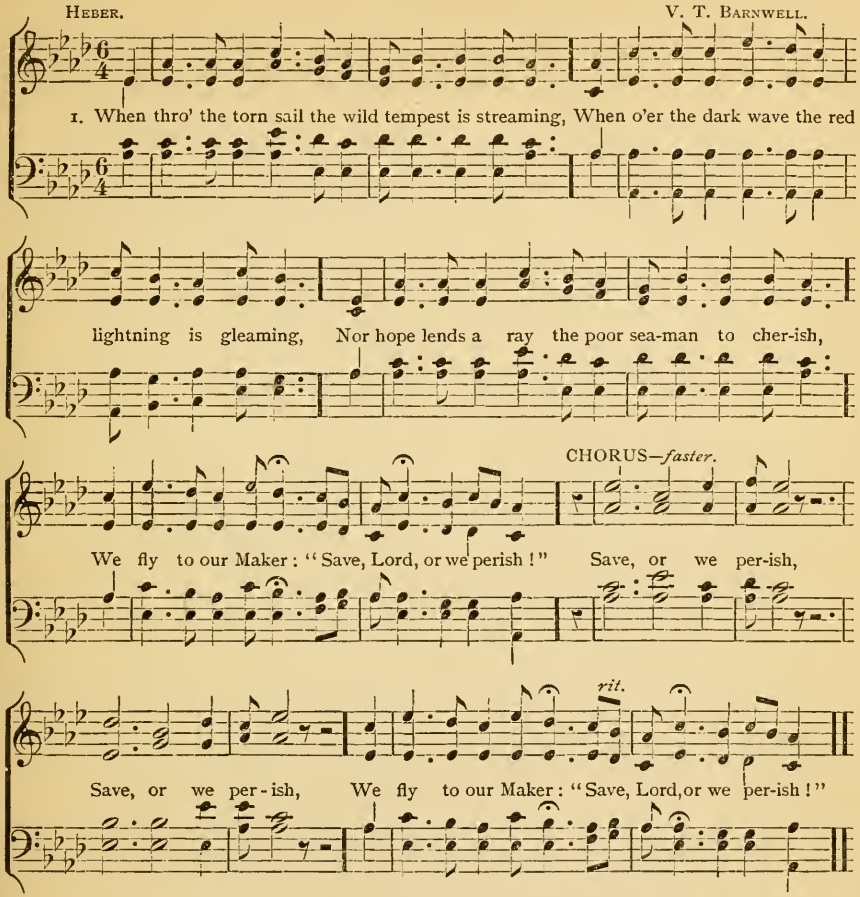


2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face:
Let sinners feel Thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours.
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

25.—SAVE, LORD, OR WE PERISH.

HEBER. V. T. BARNWELL.

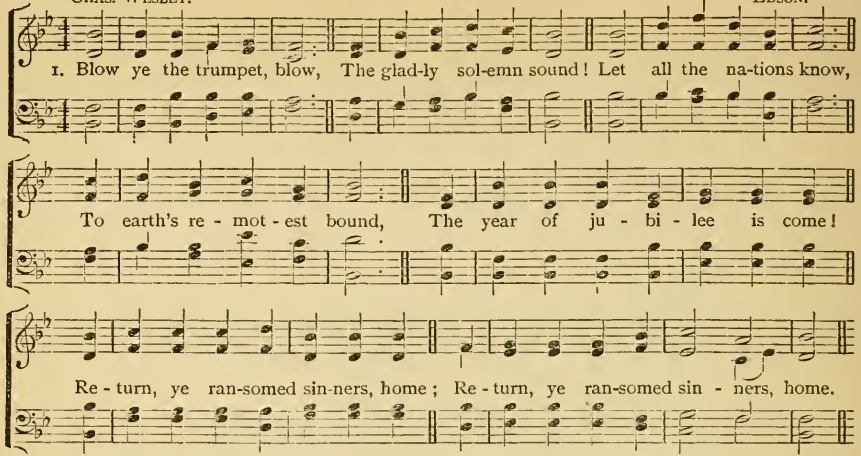


2 O Jesus! once tossed on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger—"Save, Lord, or we perish!"

3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
Arise in Thy strength, thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer—"Save, Lord, or we perish!"

26.—LENOX. H. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. EDSON.

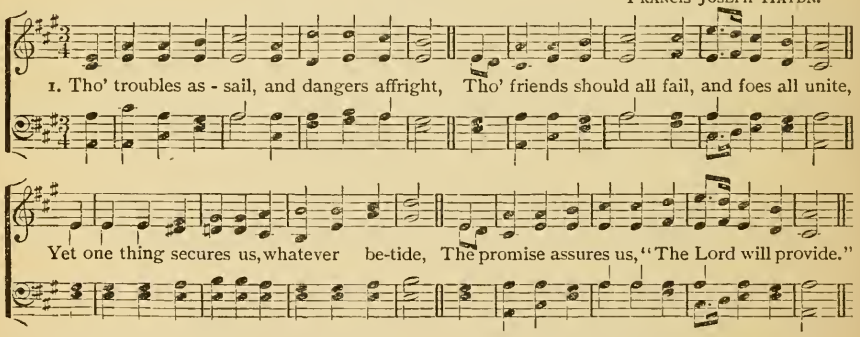


2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest:
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

27.—LYONS. 10s & 11s.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

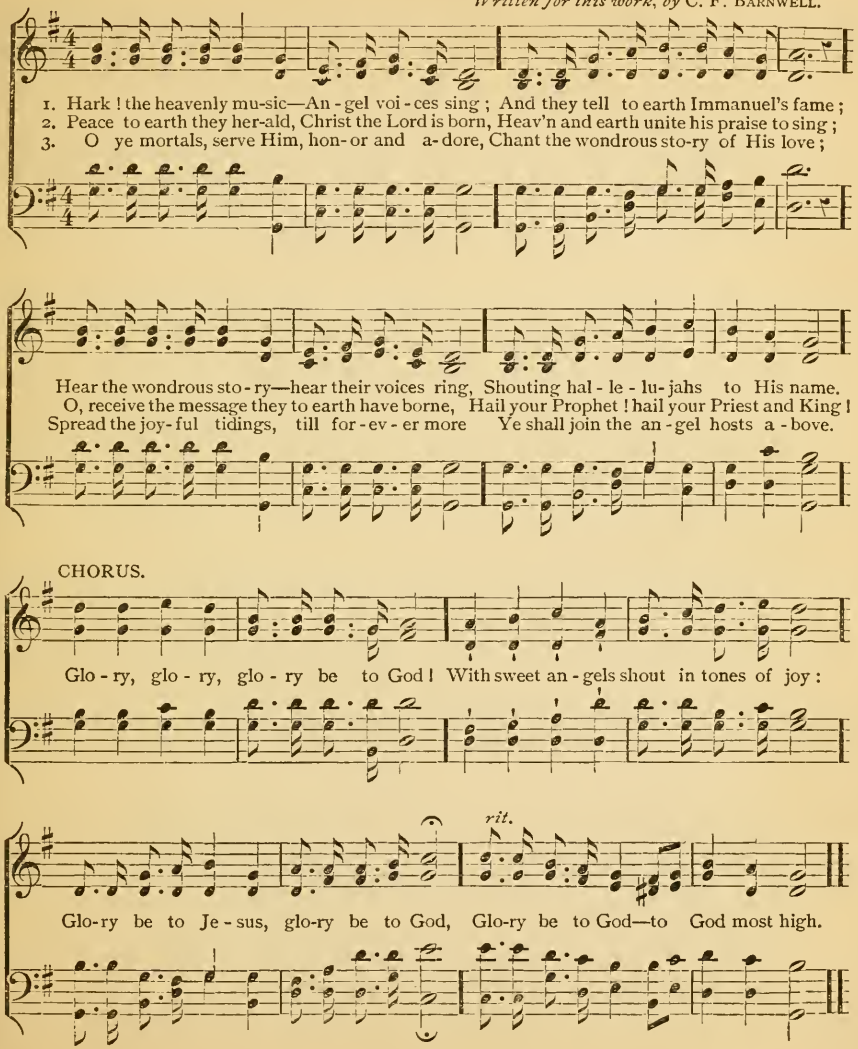


2 The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

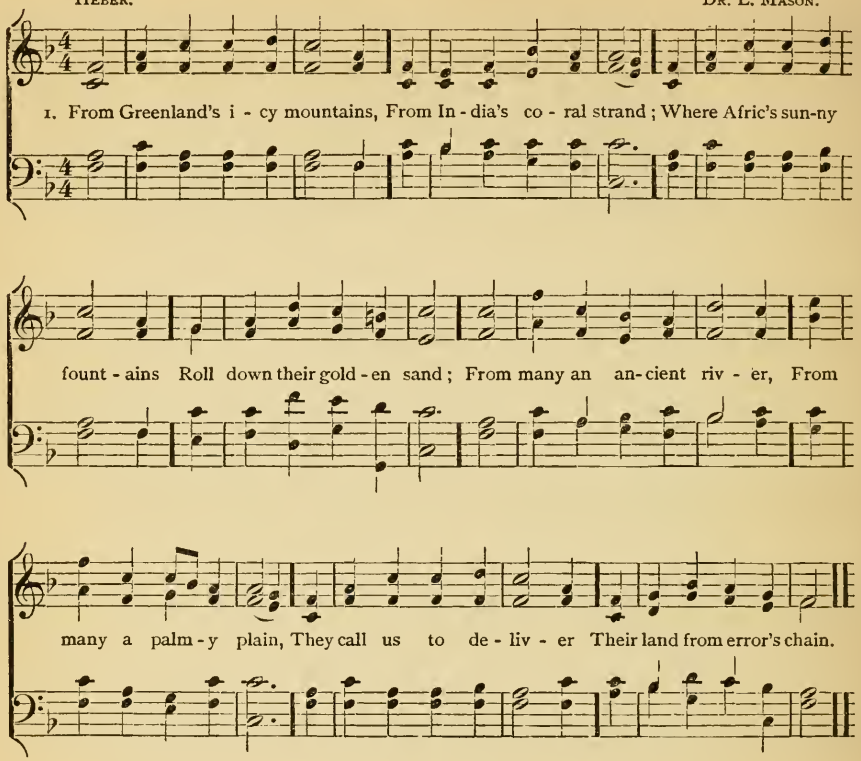
28.—CHRISTMAS MORN.

Written for this work, by C. F. BARNWELL.



29.—MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

HEBER. DR. L. MASON.



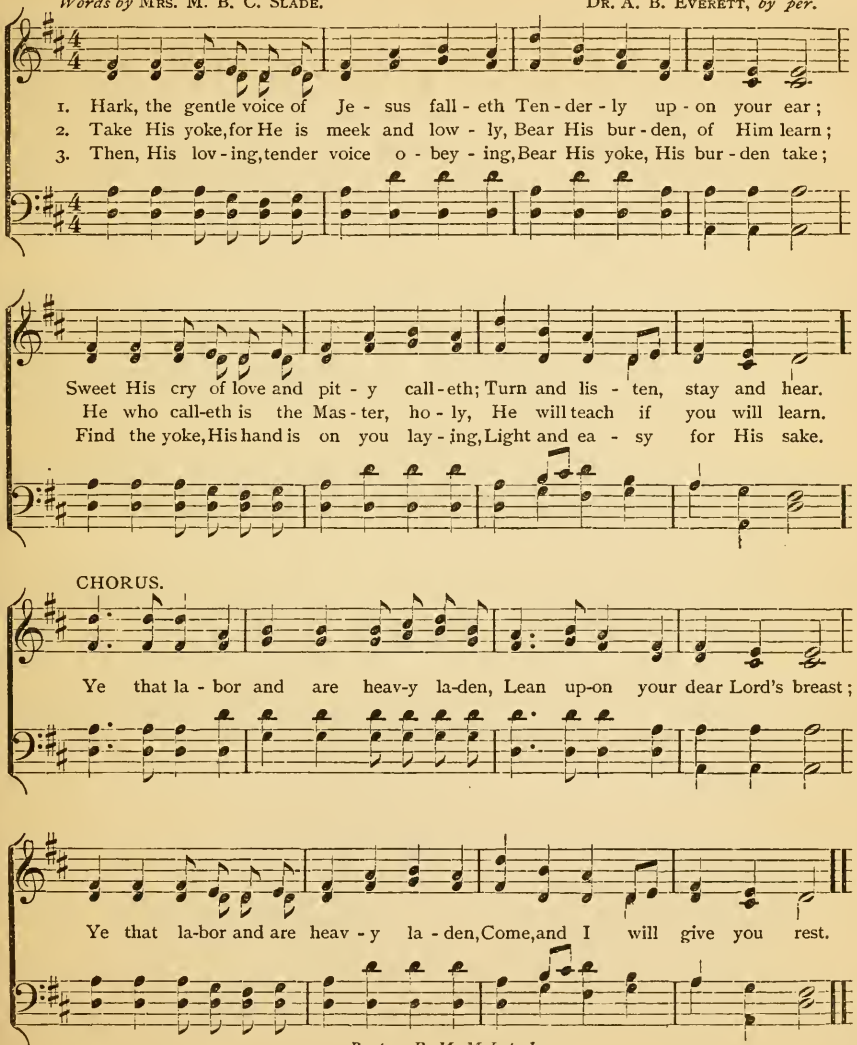
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

30.—COME UNTO ME.

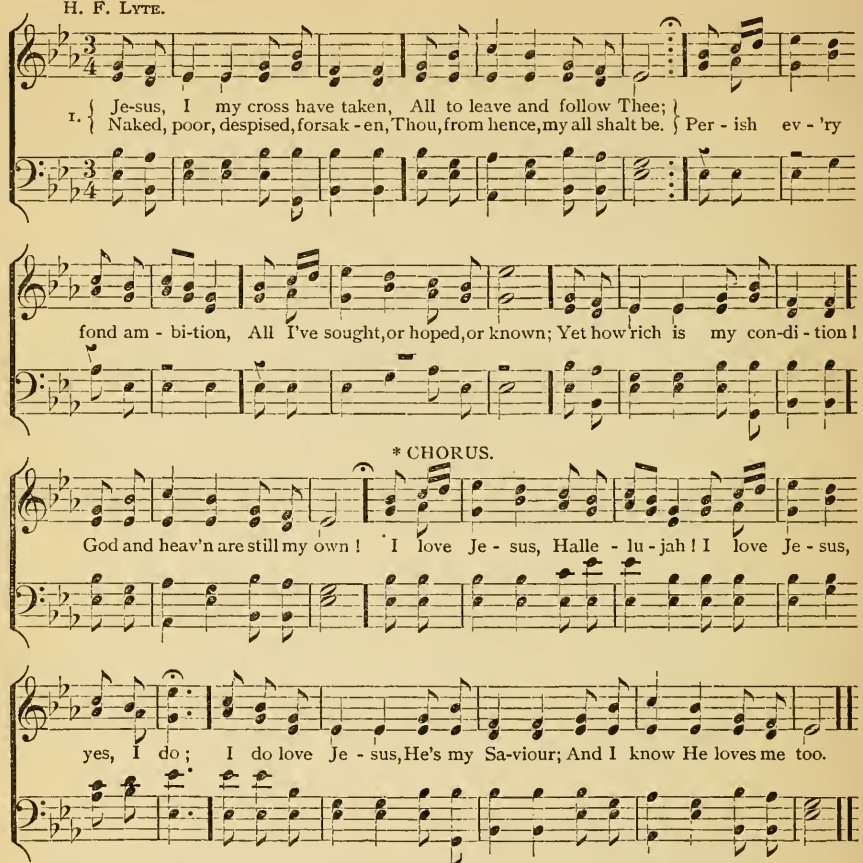
Words by MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT, *by per.*



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

31.—NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

H. F. Lyte.



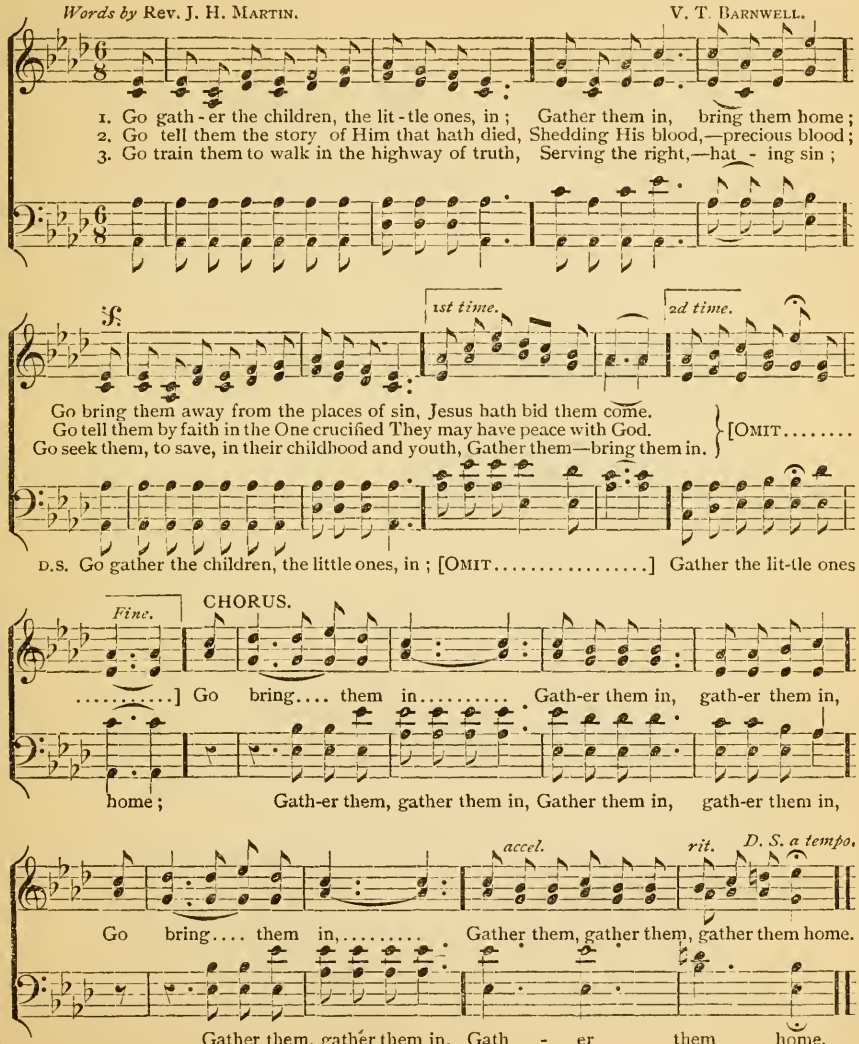
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And while Thou shalt smile upon me.
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show Thy face and all is bright.—Cho.

2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn and pain;
In Thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather—
All must work for good to me.—Cho.

* *This Chorus may be used or omitted, according to circumstances.*

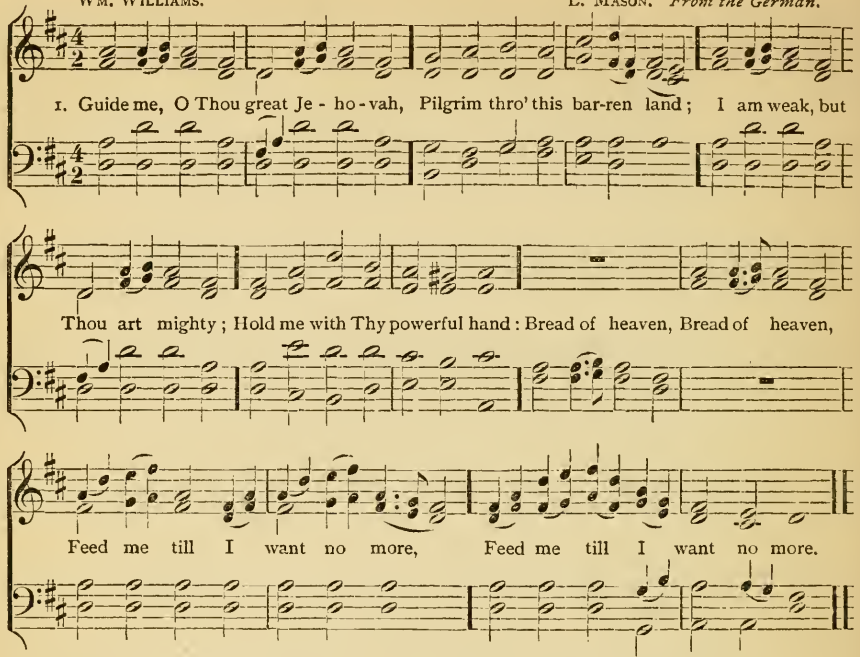
32.—GATHER THE CHILDREN.

Words by Rev. J. H. Martin. V. T. Barnwell.



33.—OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

WM. WILLIAMS. L. MASON. *From the German.*



2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

34.—8s, 7s & 4s.

1 MIGHTY Lord, extend Thine empire!
Be Thy truth with triumph crowned!
Let the lands that sit in darkness
Hear the glorious gospel's sound,
From our borders,
To the world's remotest bound.

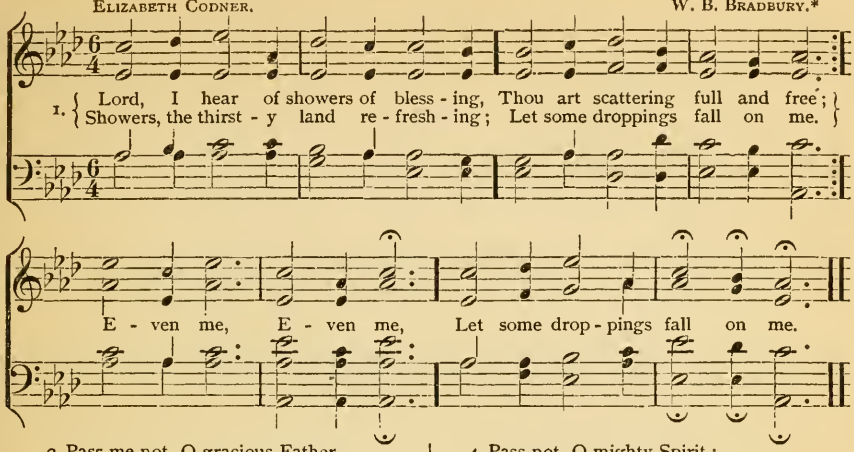
2 By Thine arm, eternal Father,
Scatter far the shades of night!
Let the great Immanuel's kingdom
Open like the morning light,
And the future
Realize our visions bright.

3 Come, too long to earth a stranger,
Once again thy reign restore!
In Thy strength, ride forth and conquer,
Still advancing more and more,
Till the heathen
Shall the Lord supreme adore.

Joseph Cottle.

35.—EVEN ME. 8s, 7s & 3s.

ELIZABETH CODNER. W. B. BRADBURY.*



2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

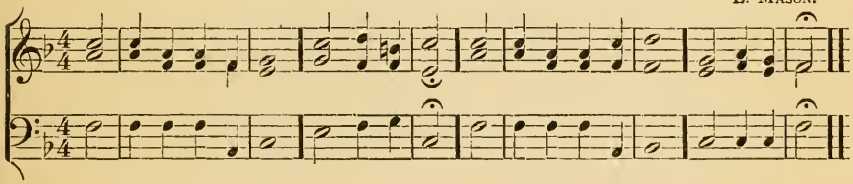
3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour;
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
When Thou comest, call for me,
Even me.

4 Pass not, O mighty Spirit;
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

36.—TO-DAY.

L. MASON.



1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wand'rers, come:
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

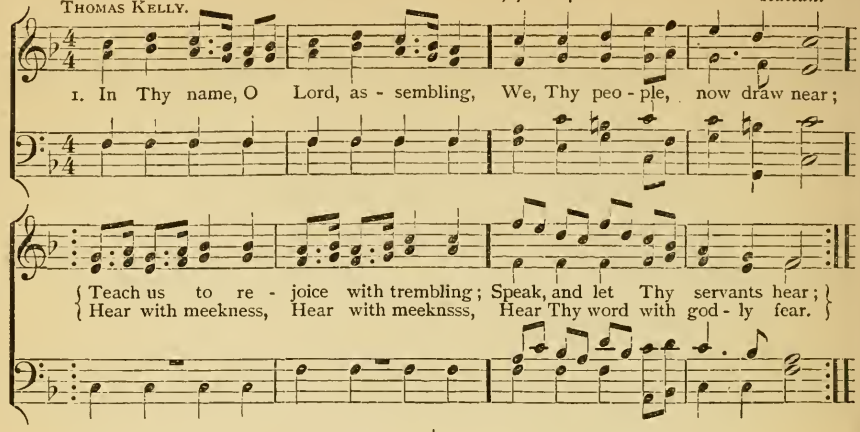
3 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now:
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

* *From "Golden Shower," by permission of Bigelow & Main.*

37.—SICILY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS KELLY. *Italian.*

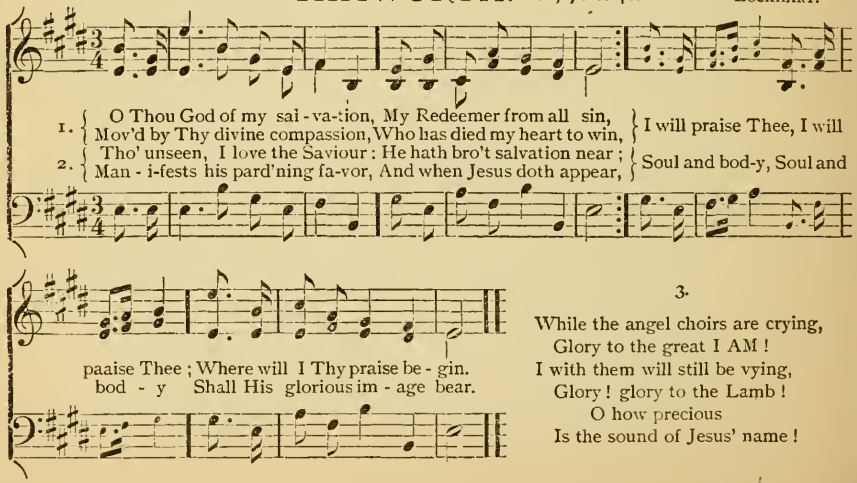


2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before,—
Full enjoyment,—
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

38.—TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LOCKHART.

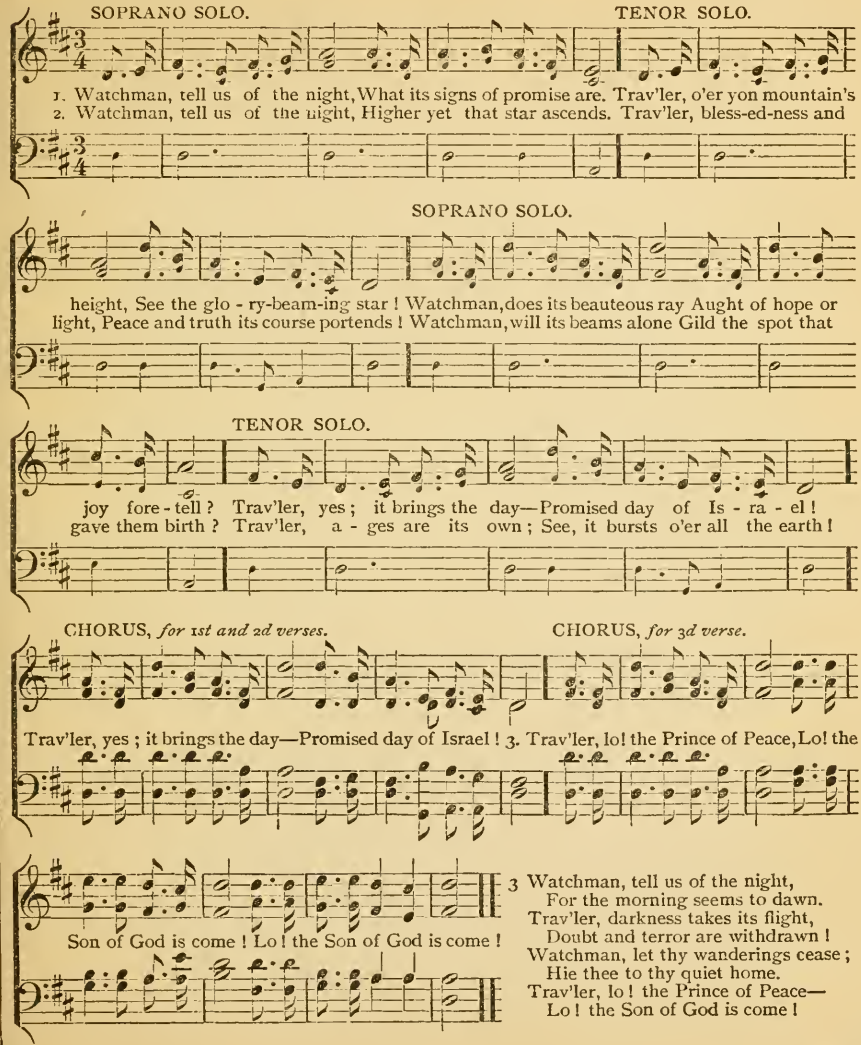


3.

While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them will still be vying,
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

39.—WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

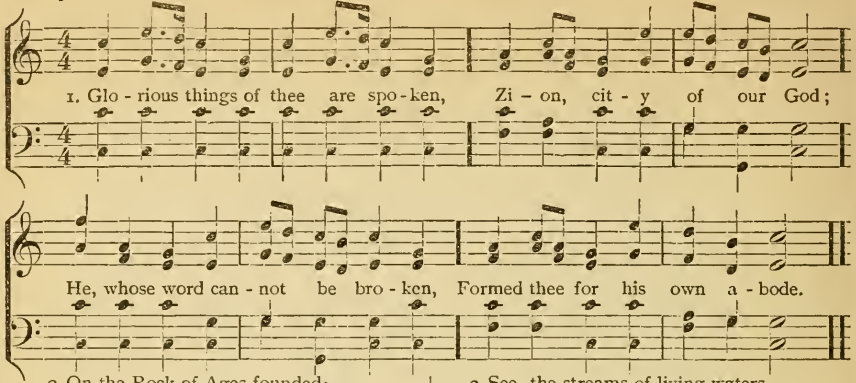
With Deliberation. L. Mason.



3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn!
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace—
Lo! the Son of God is come!

40.—WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

JOHN NEWTON. WEBER.

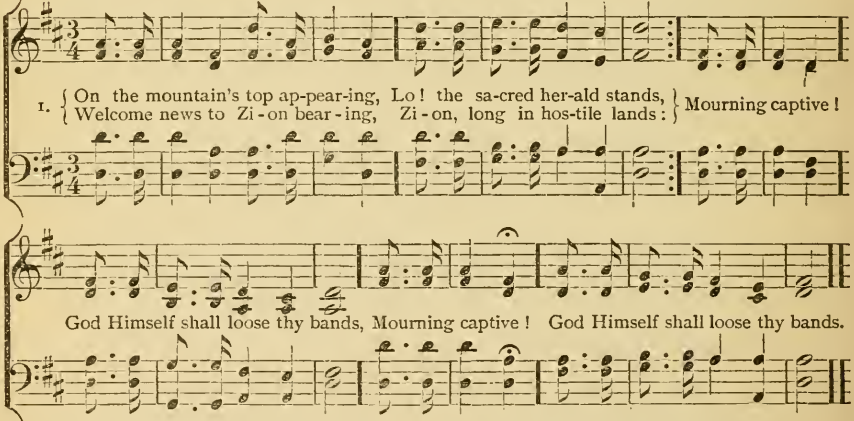


2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile on all thy foes.

3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

41.—ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS KELLY. DR. HASTINGS.



2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning:
Zion still is well beloved.

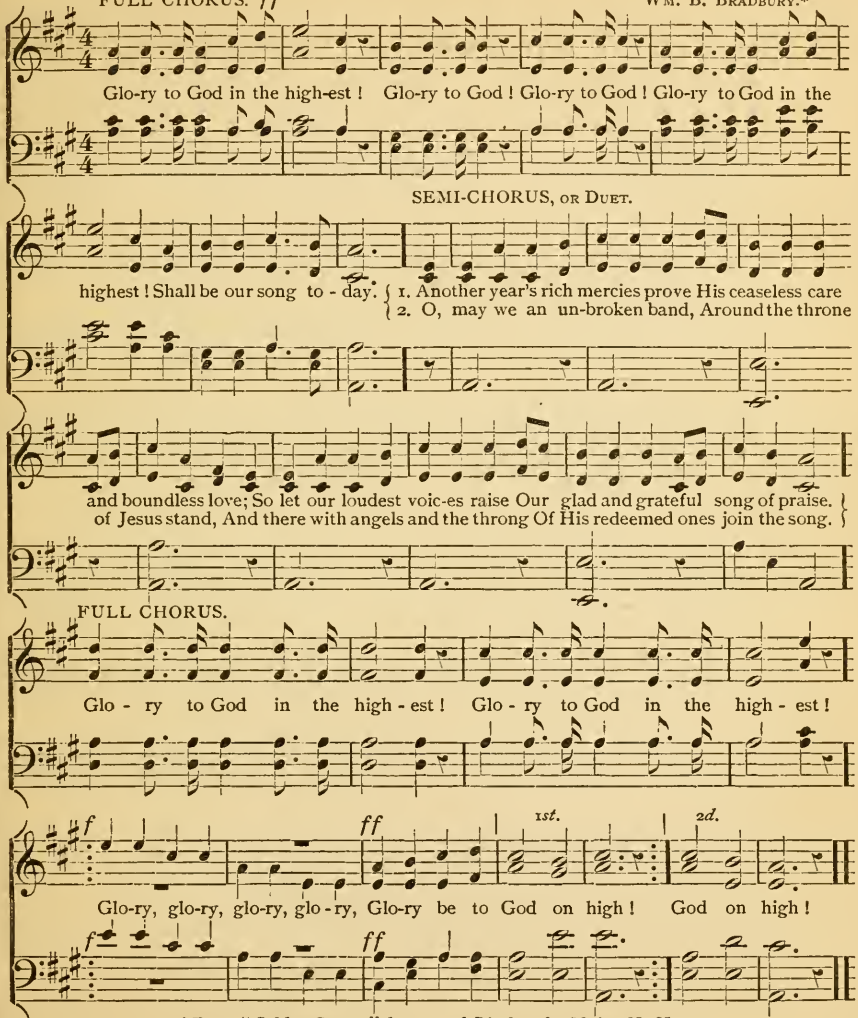
3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee:
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

42.—GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

FANNIE J. CROSBY. 1864.

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

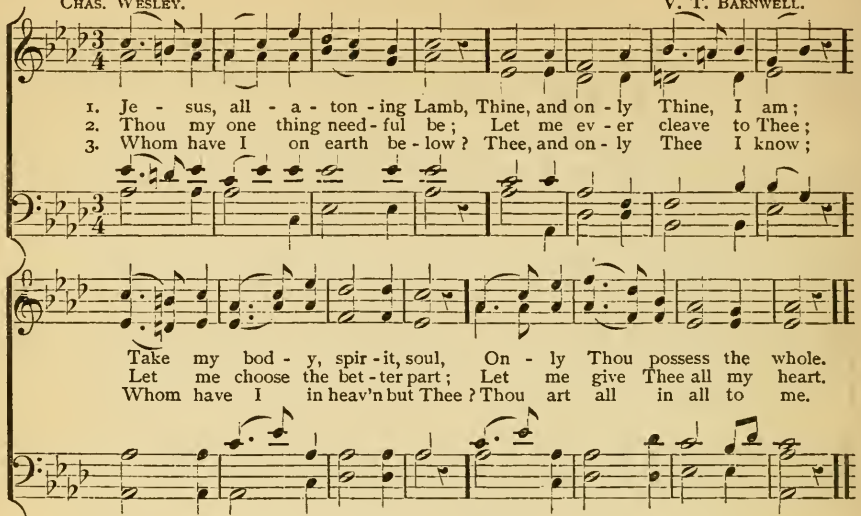
WM. B. BRADBURY.*



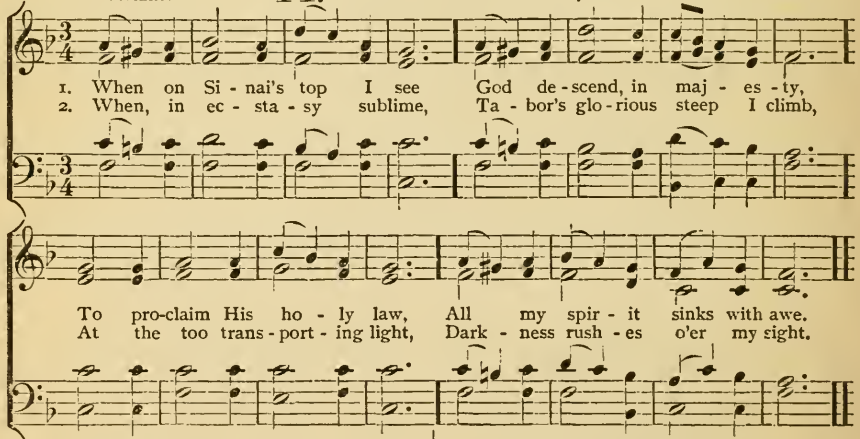
From "Golden Censer," by per. of Bigelow & Main, N. Y.

43.—CONSECRATION. 7s.

CHAS. WESLEY. V. T. BARNWELL.



MONTGOMERY. 44.—ESHTEMOA. 7s. T. B. MASON.

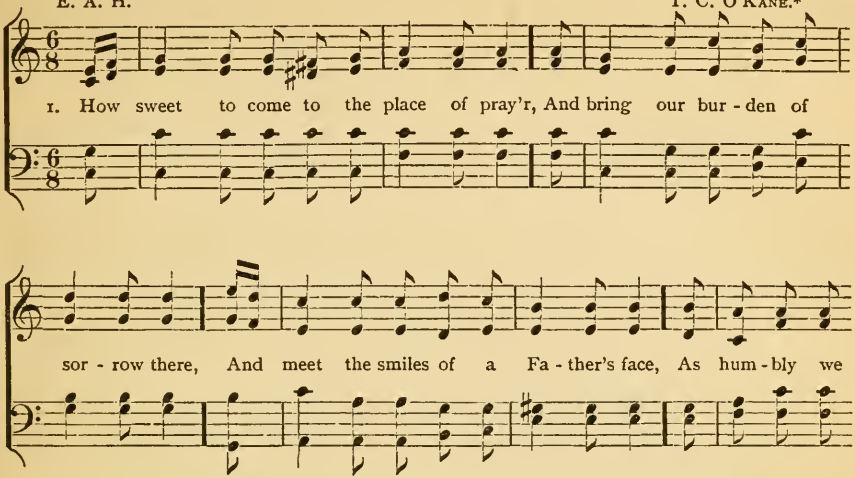


3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

45.—THE BLESSED MERCY-SEAT.

E. A. H. T. C. O'KANE.*

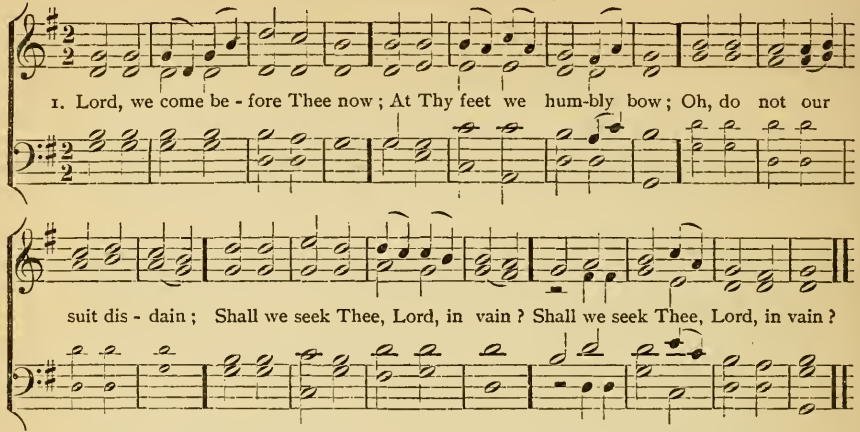


2 How sweet to come to the place of prayer,
And lay our humble petitions there,
Assured the Father will hear our plea,
And pour in our spirits His love so free.—CHO.

3 How sweet to come to the place of prayer,
And feast our souls in communion there;
And feel the rapture that thrills our hearts,
As Jesus His quickening love imparts.—CHO.

**From "Songs of Faith," by per. S. Brainard's Sons.*

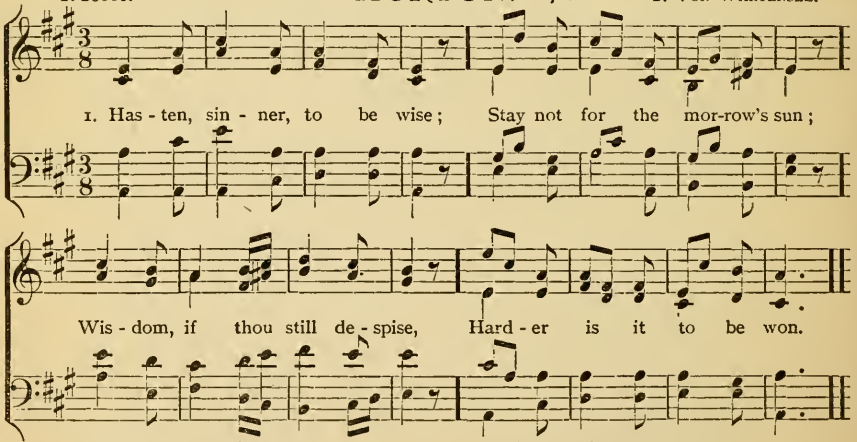
HART. **46.—HENDON.** 7s. DR. MALAN.



2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

T. SCOTT. **47.—HORTON.** 7s. S. VON WARTENSEE.

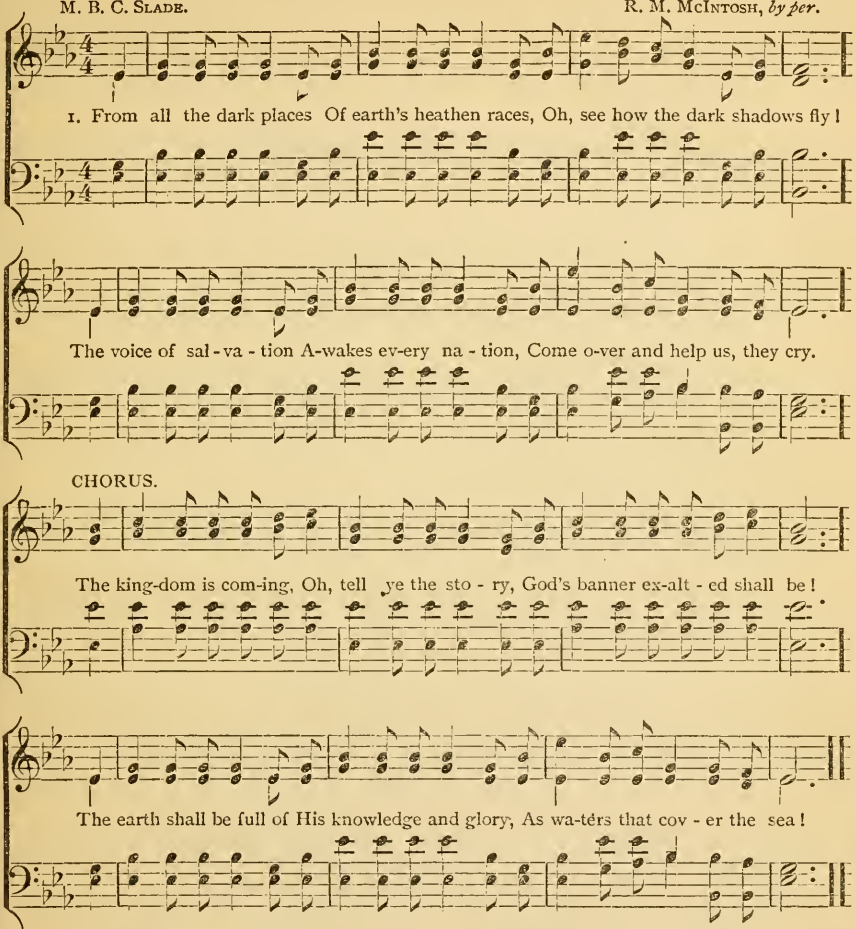


2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

48.—THE KINGDOM COMING.

M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh, *by per.*

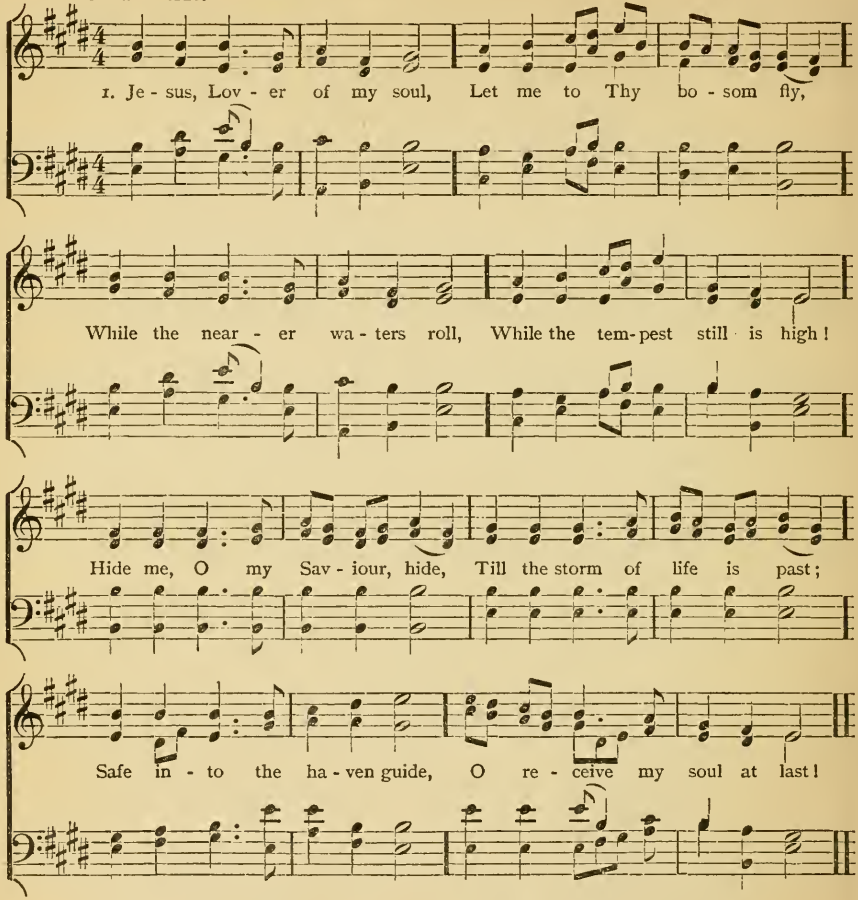


2 The sunlight is glancing
O'er armies advancing,
To conquer the kingdoms of sin;
Our Lord shall possess them,
His presence shall bless them,
His beauty shall enter them in.—Cho.

3 With shouting and singing,
And jubilant ringing,
Their arms of rebellion cast down;
At last every nation,
The Lord of salvation,
Their King and Redeemer shall own.—Cho.

49.—ONIDO. 7s. Double.

CHAS. WESLEY. IGNACE PLEYEL.

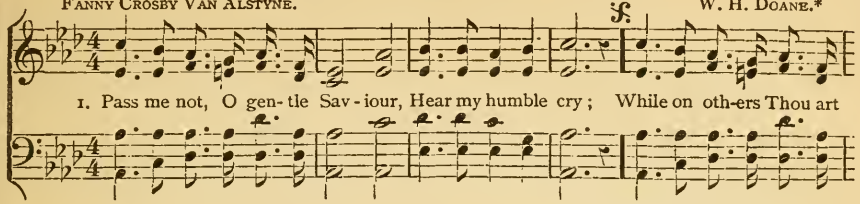


2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

50.—PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s.

FANNY CROSBY VAN ALSTYNE. W. H. DOANE.*

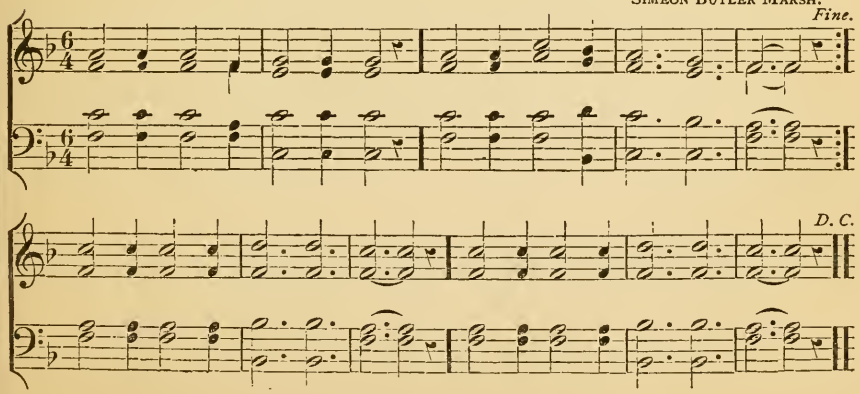


2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—CHO.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Hear my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—CHO.

51.—MARTYN. 7s. Double.

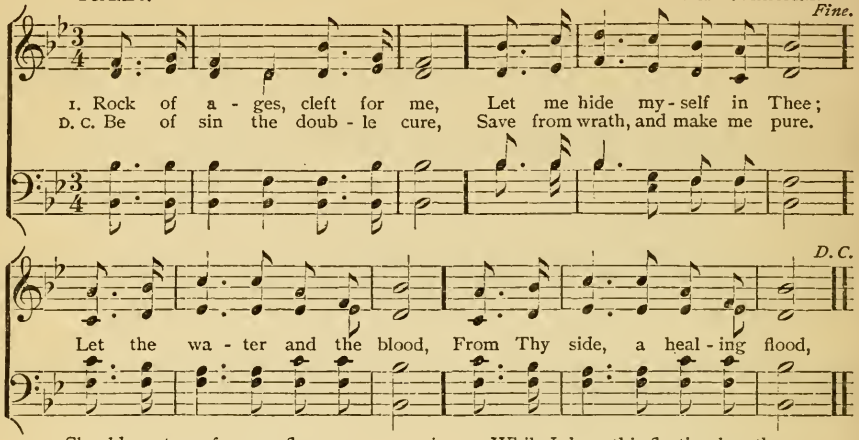
SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.



* *From "Pure Gold," by per. Biglow & Main.*

52.—ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

TOPLADY. DR. T. HASTIGNS.

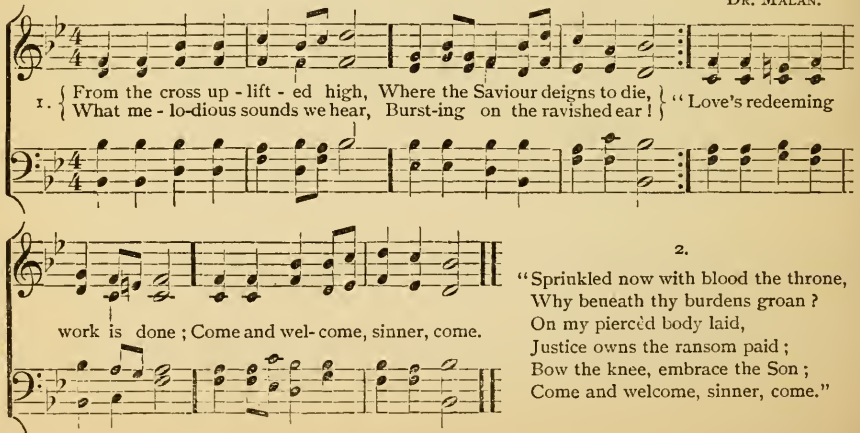


2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

53.—ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. MALAN.



2.

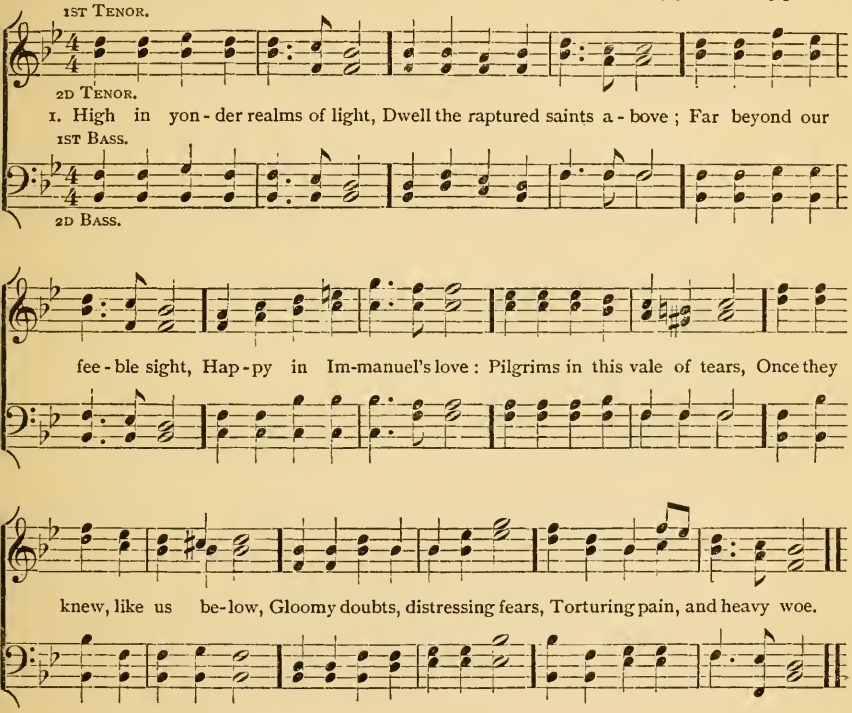
"Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

54.—COLQUITT.

MALE VOICES.

Composed and Sung at International Sunday School Convention, Atlanta, Ga., April 17-19, 1878.

THOMAS RAFFLES. WM. G. FISCHER, *of Phila. By per.*



2.

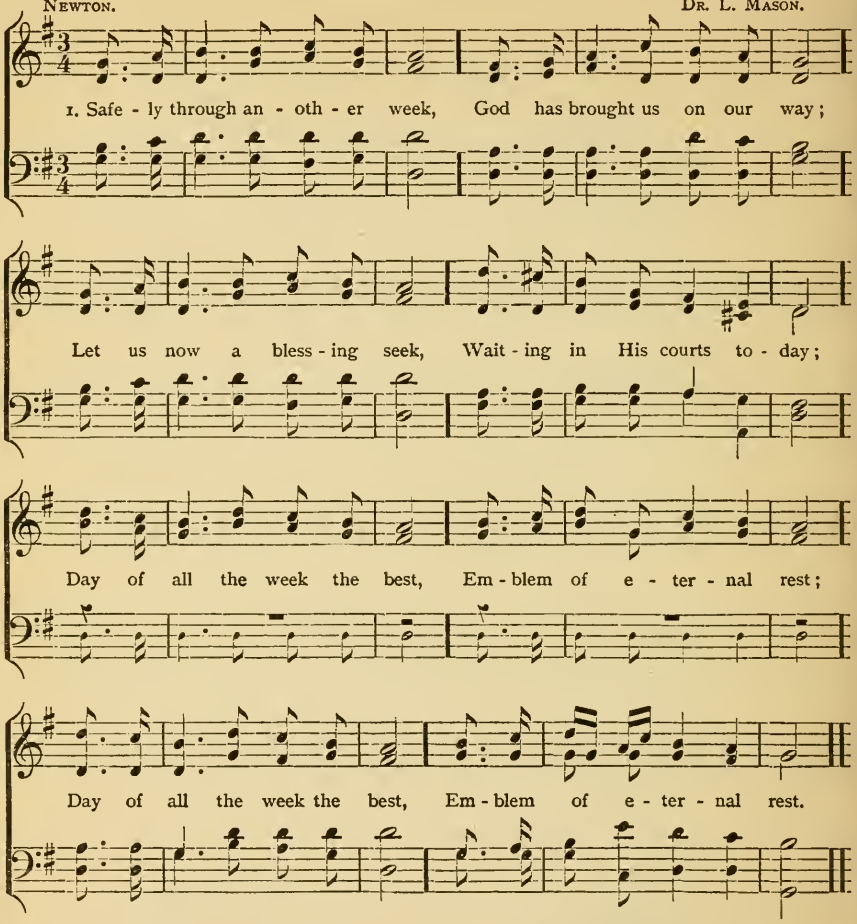
But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again :
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus's love.

3.

All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose :
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows :
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

55.—SABBATH. 7s.

NEWTON. DR. L. MASON.

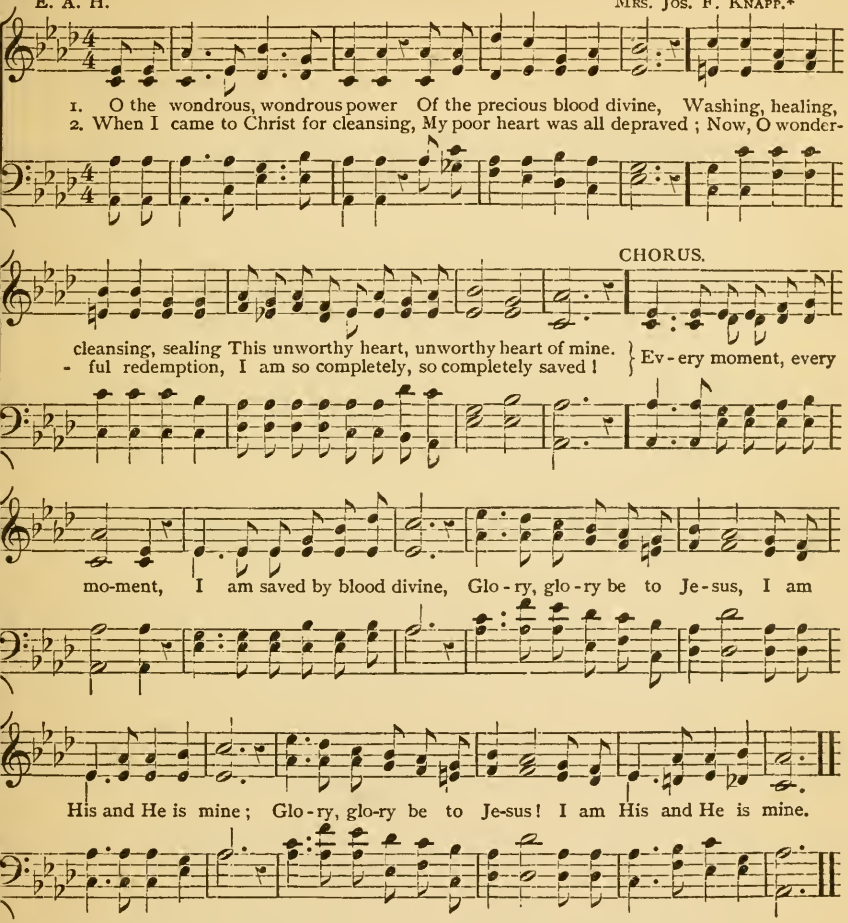


2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face,—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

56.—SAVED EVERY MOMENT.

E. A. H. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.*



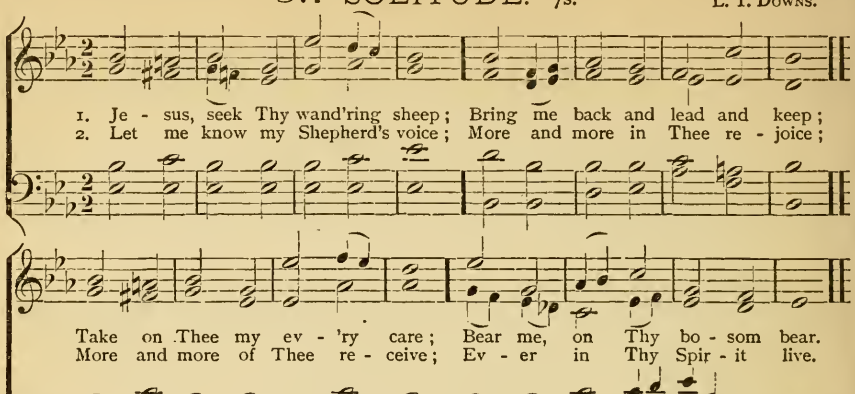
3 O the peace that comes from cleansing !
O the sweet and perfect rest !
O the joy beyond expressing !
I am so completely, so completely blest !

4 Glory, glory be to Jesus,
Who redeemed my helpless soul !
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
Who by cleansing makes me whole, yes, makes me whole !

* *From "Songs of Faith," by permission of S. Brainard's Sons.*

57.—SOLITUDE. 7s.

L. T. Downs.

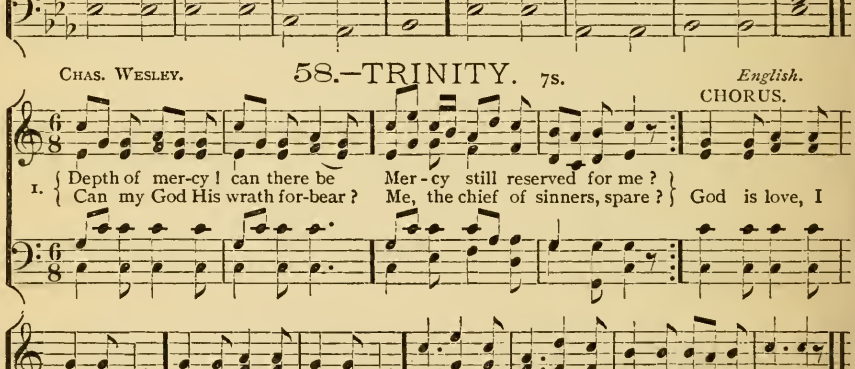


58.—TRINITY. 7s.

Chas. Wesley.

English.

CHORUS.



2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

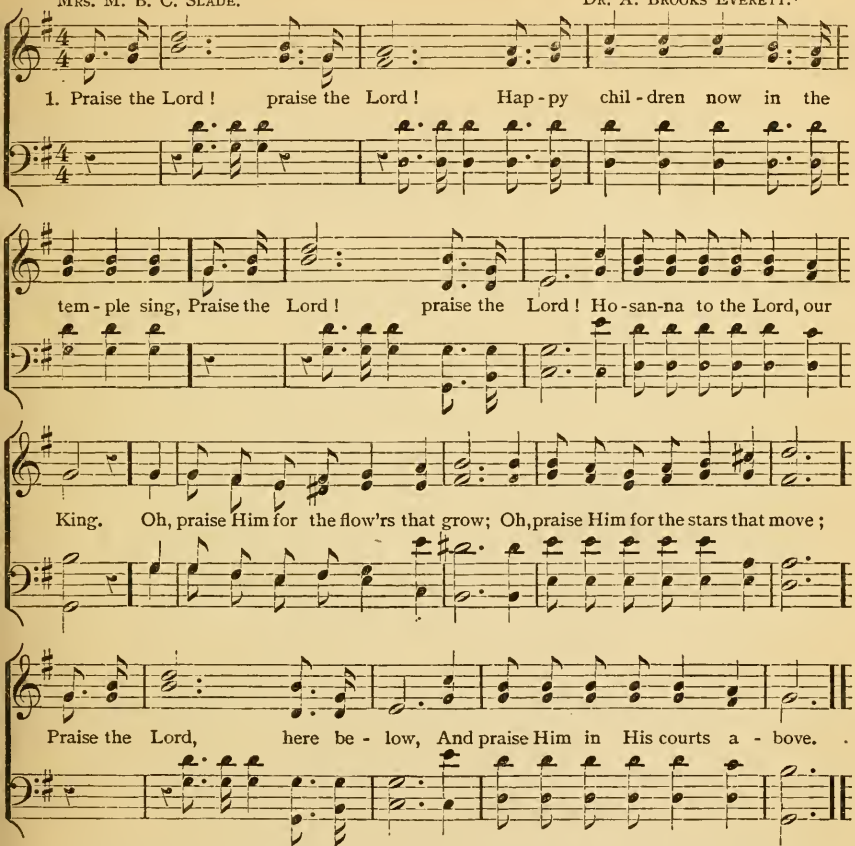
3 Lo! I cumber still the ground;
Lo! an Advocate is found!
"Hasten not to cut him down;
Let this barren soul alone!"

4 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

59.—PRAISE THE LORD!

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.*



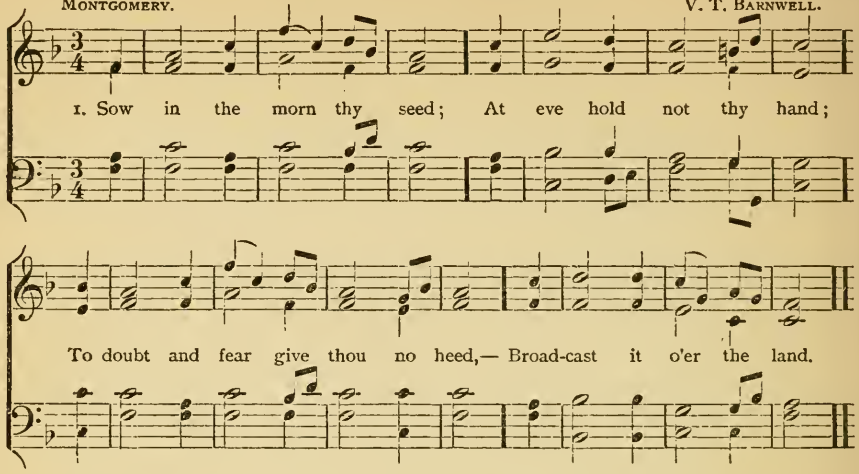
2 Love the Lord! love the Lord!
Happy children, give Him your youth's bright days;
Love the Lord! love the Lord!
He ever loveth you, He says.
Oh, love Him, for He loves you so;
Oh, love Him for His wondrous love;
Love the Lord, here below,
And love Him in His courts above.

3 Serve the Lord! serve the Lord!
Happy children serve Him with songs of joy;
Serve the Lord! serve the Lord!
And let His work your hands employ.
Oh, serve Him, whatsoe'er ye do;
Oh, serve Him, wheresoe'er ye move;
Serve the Lord, here below,
And serve Him in His courts above.

By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

60.—BELTON. S. M.

MONTGOMERY. V. T. BARNWELL.



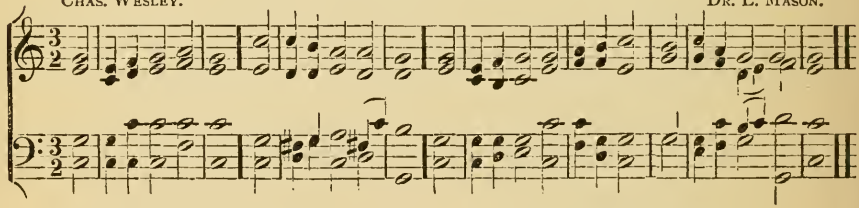
2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive
When and wherever strown:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

61.—BOYLSTON. S. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. DR. L. MASON.



1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole."

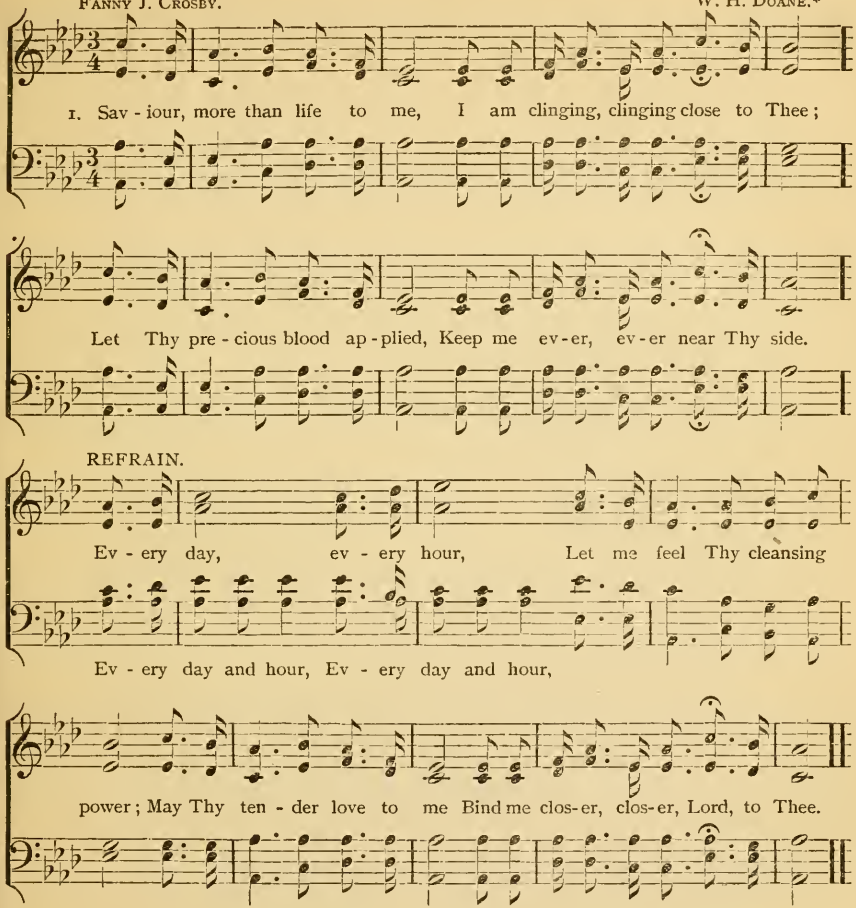
2 Lay to Thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of Thy power!

3 Give me on Thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared
And ready may I be;
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to Thee.

62.—EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.*



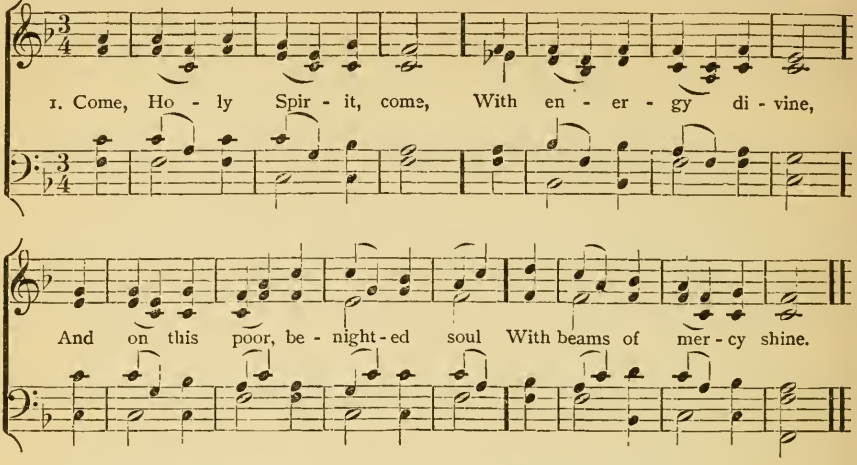
2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.
REF.—Every day and hour, etc.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.
REF.—Every day and hour, etc.

** From "Brightest and Best," by permission of Bigiow & Main, N. Y.*

63.—DENNIS. S. M.

BEDDOME. *Arr. from* NAGELI.

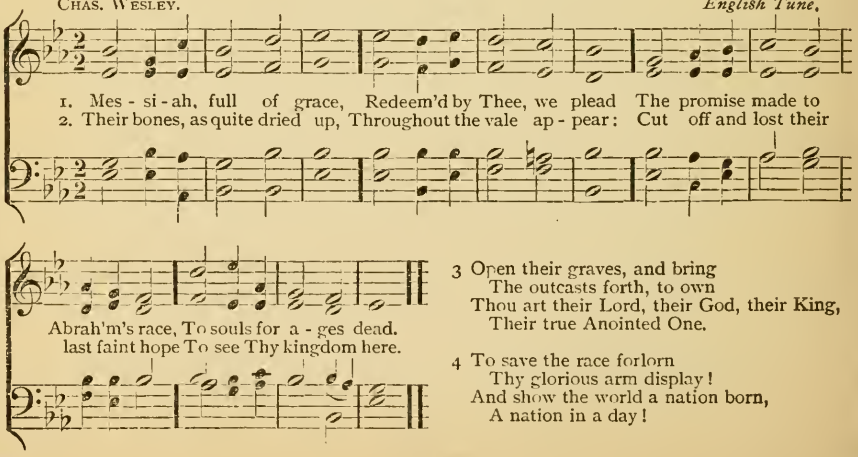


2 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
But Thine shall be the praise;
And unto Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

64.—DOVER. S. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. *English Tune.*

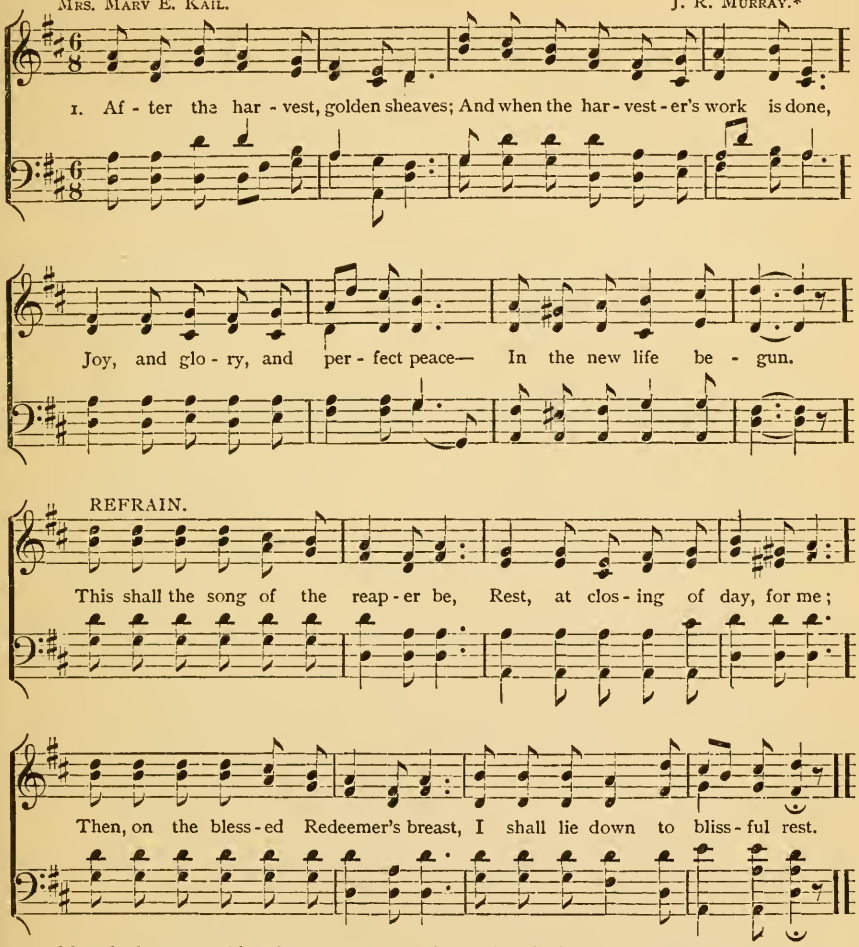


3 Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth, to own
Thou art their Lord, their God, their King,
Their true Anointed One.

4 To save the race forlorn
Thy glorious arm display!
And show the world a nation born,
A nation in a day!

65.—AFTER THE HARVEST, GOLDEN SHEAVES.

MRS. MARY E. KAIL. J. R. MURRAY.*



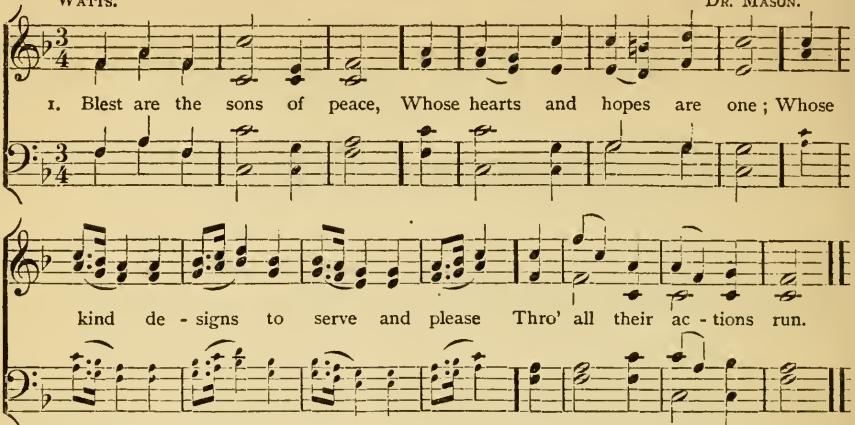
2 After the harvest, golden sheaves;
Gathered around at the Master's feet,
'Mid sweet songs of triumphant praise,
Making our joy complete.—REF.

3 After the harvest, golden sheaves;
Then let us work while the days are long,
When the Lord of the harvest comes,
Join in the reaper's song.—REF.

* *From "Heavenward," by per. S. Brainard's Sons.*

66.—GERAR. S. M.

WATTS. DR. MASON.

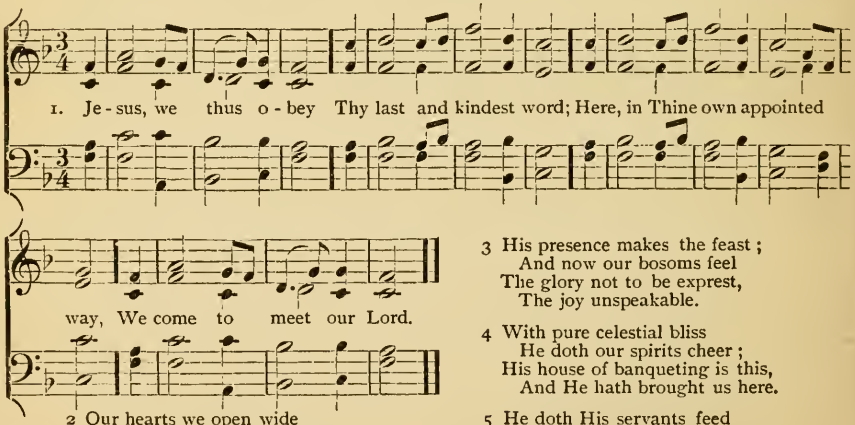


2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

67.—GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. A. CHAPIN.



2 Our hearts we open wide
To make the Saviour room;
And, lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The sinner's Friend, is come.

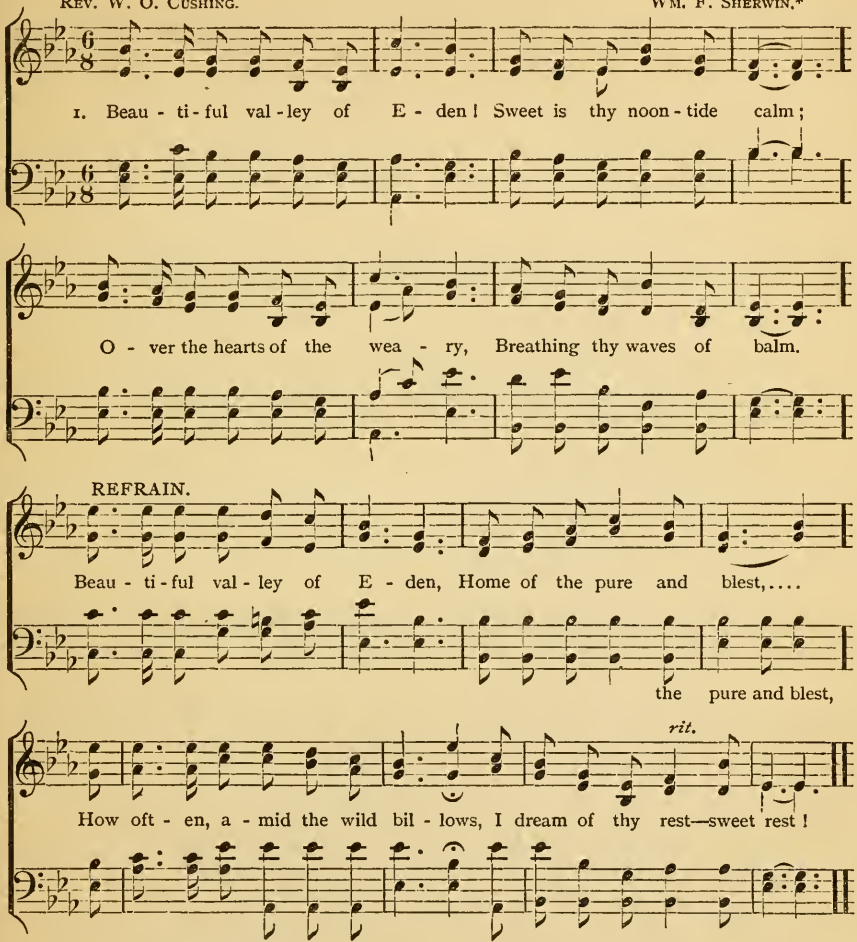
3 His presence makes the feast;
And now our bosoms feel
The glory not to be exprest,
The joy unspeakable.

4 With pure celestial bliss
He doth our spirits cheer;
His house of banqueting is this,
And He hath brought us here.

5 He doth His servants feed
With manna from above;
His banner over us is spread,
His everlasting love.

68.—BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin.*



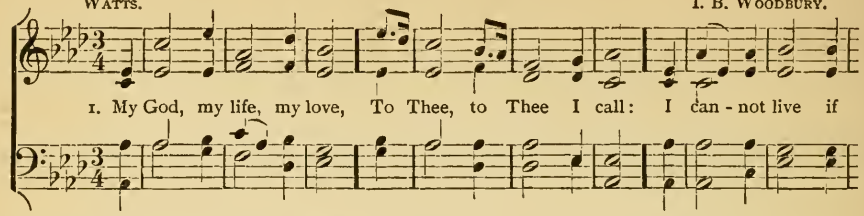
2 Over the heart of the mourner
Shineth the golden day,
Wafting the songs of the angels
Down from the far away.—Ref.

3 There is the home of my Saviour;
There, with the blood-washed throng,
Over the highlands of glory
Rolleth the great, new song.—Ref.

* *From "Welcome Tidings," by per. of Bigelow & Main, N. Y.*

69.—JUDD. S. M.

WATTS. I. B. WOODBURY.



2 To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss.
They sit around Thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

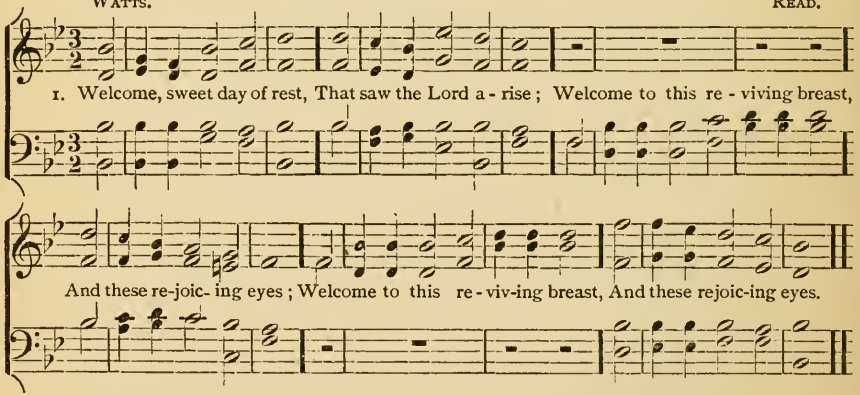
3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford:
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

70.—LISBON. S. M.

WATTS. READ.

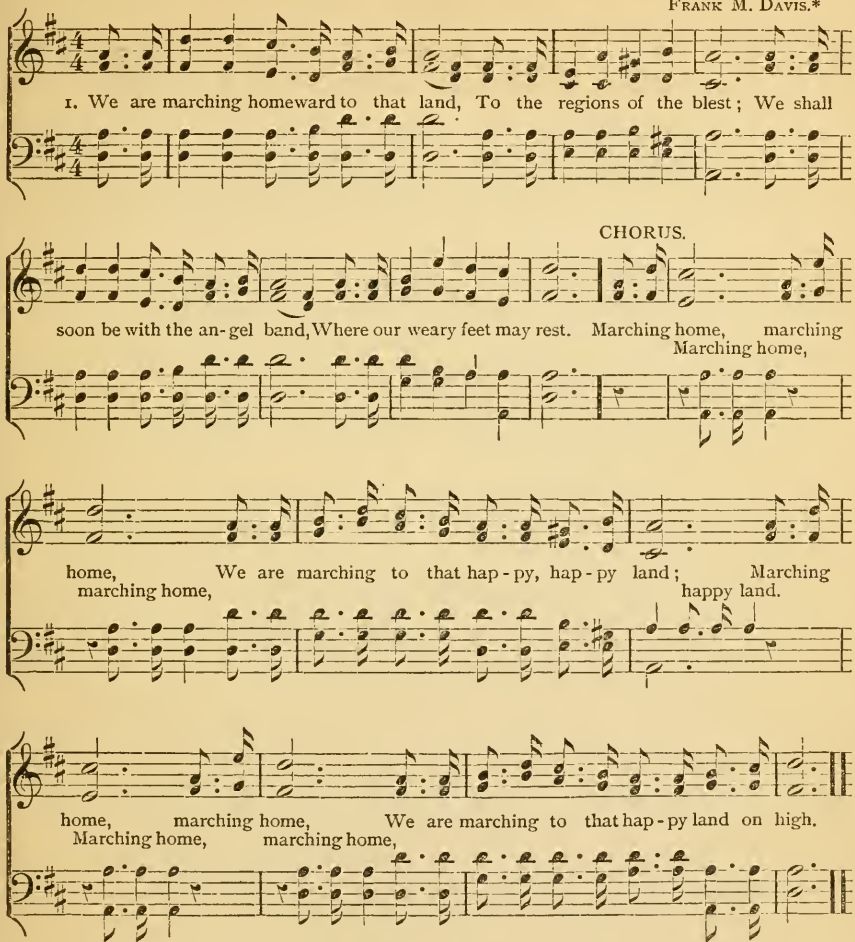


2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see Him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

71.—MARCHING HOME.

FRANK M. DAVIS.*



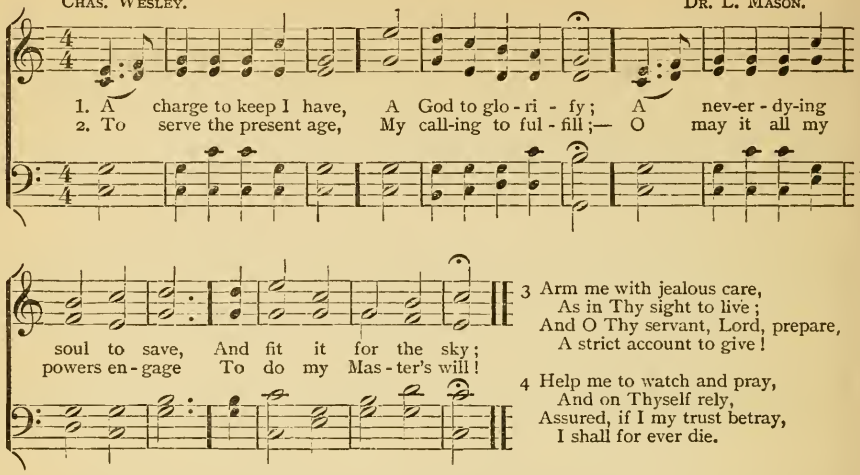
2 In that blessed land we're nearing now,
We shall see our Saviour's face;
He will place a crown on every brow,
Saved by His redeeming grace.—CHO.

3 Brothers, will you join our happy band,
Traveling up the shining way?
Jesus is the Captain in command:
Will you now His call obey?—CHO.

* *From the "Pearl," by per. S. Brainard's Sons.*

72.—LABAN. S. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. DR. L. MASON.

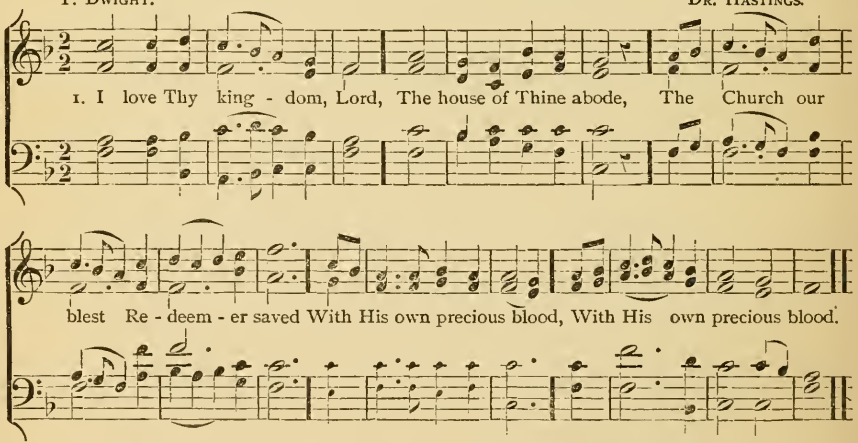


3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

73.—LUTHER. S. M.

T. DWIGHT. DR. HASTINGS.

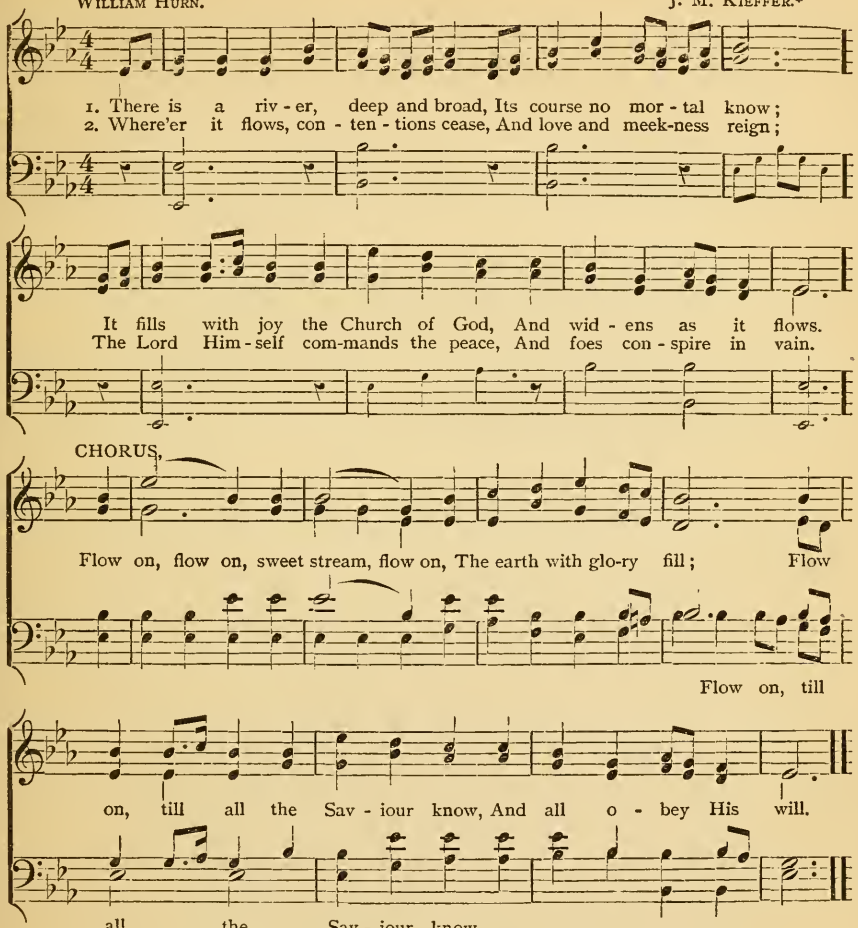


2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

74.—FLOW ON, SWEET STREAM.

WILLIAM HURN. J. M. KIEFFER.*



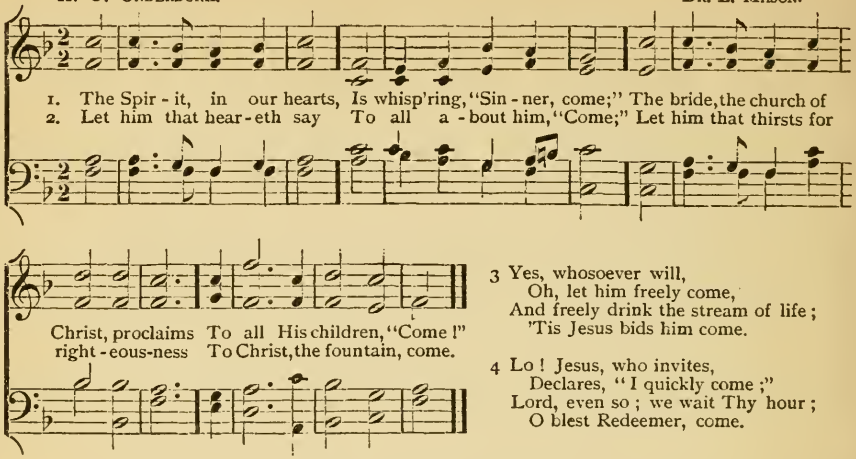
3 Along its shore, angelic bands
Watch every moving wave;
With holy joy their breast expands,
When men the waters crave.—CHO.

4 To it distressed souls repair,
The Lord invites them nigh;
They leave their cares and sorrows there,—
They drink and never die.—CHO.

* *From the "Welcome," by permission of S. Brainard's Sons.*

75.—OLNEY. S. M.

H. U. Onderdonk. Dr. L. Mason.

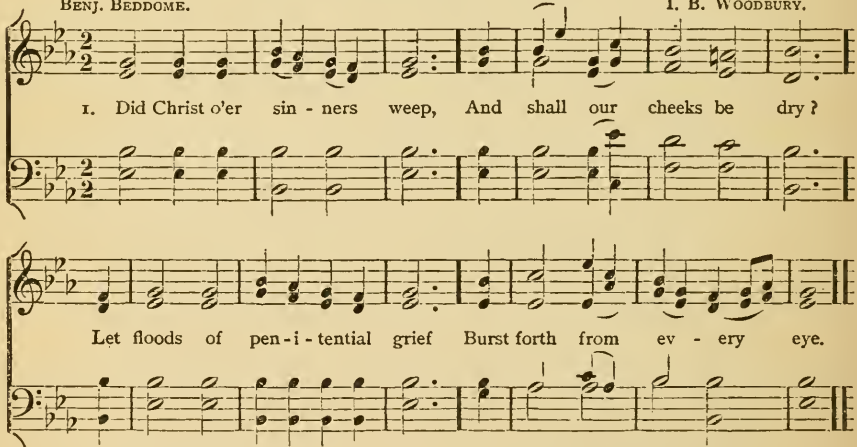


3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; we wait Thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come.

76.—OZREM. S. M.

Benj. Beddome. I. B. Woodbury.

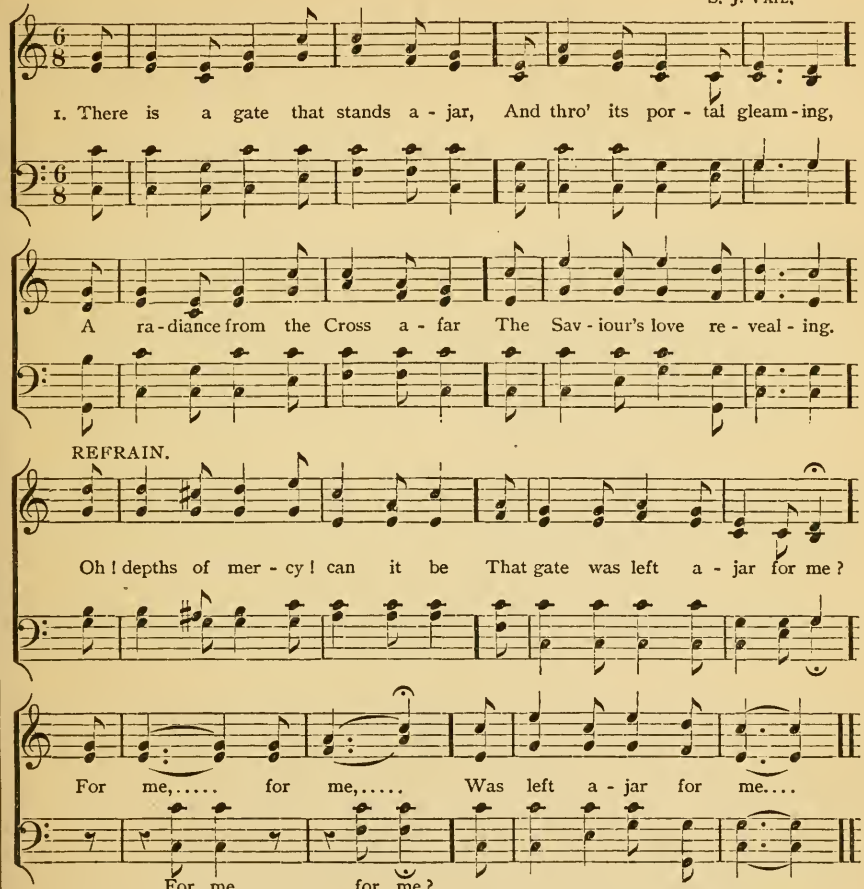


2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

77.—THE GATE AJAR.

S. J. Vail.*



2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich, and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.—Ref.

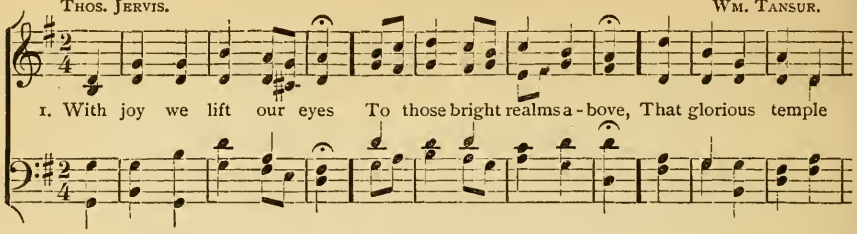
3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.—Ref.

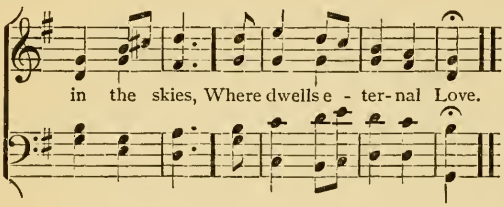
4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given;
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.—Ref.

* *From "Song Sermons," by per. of Philip Phillips.*

78.—ST. THOMAS. S. M.

THOS. JERVIS. WM. TANSUR.



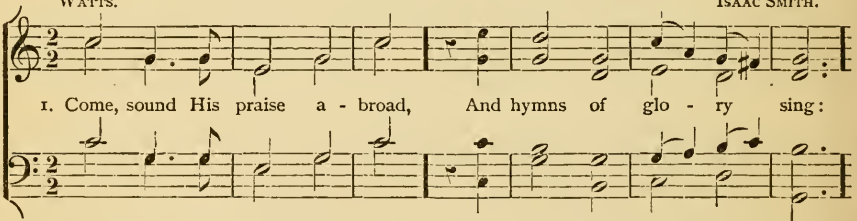


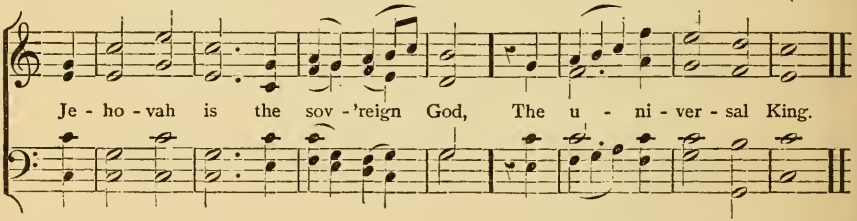
2 Before Thy throne we bow,
O Thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in Thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

79.—SILVER STREET. S. M.

WATTS. ISAAC SMITH.





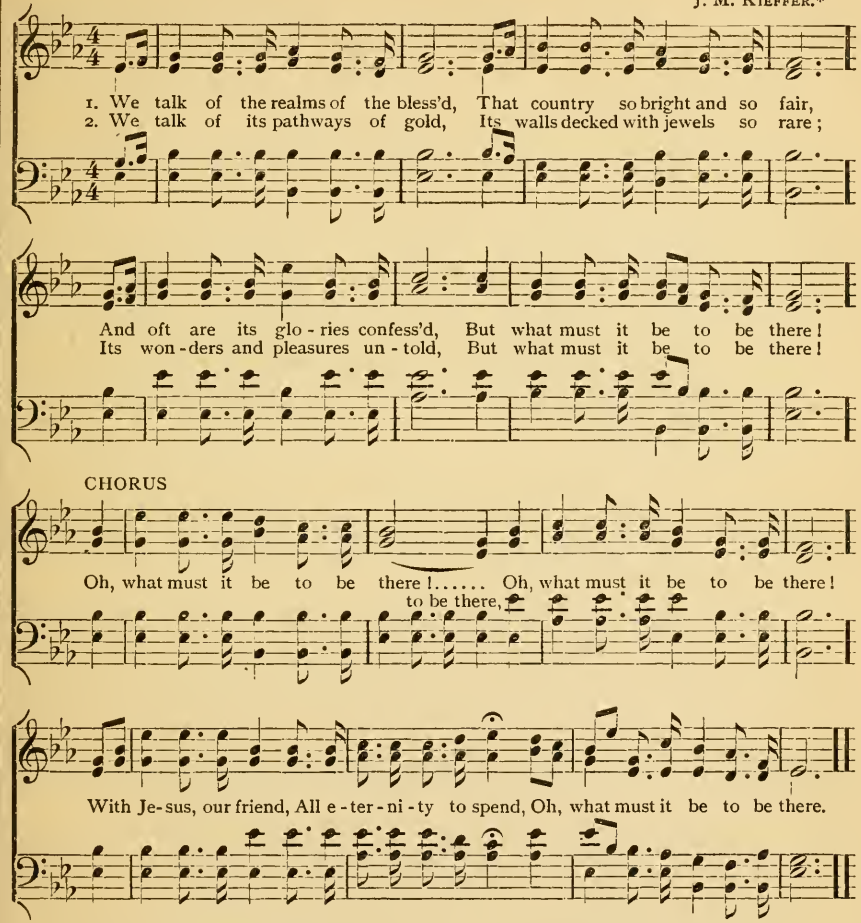
2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound:
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne:
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are His work and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod:
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

80.—WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE!

J. M. KIEFFER.*



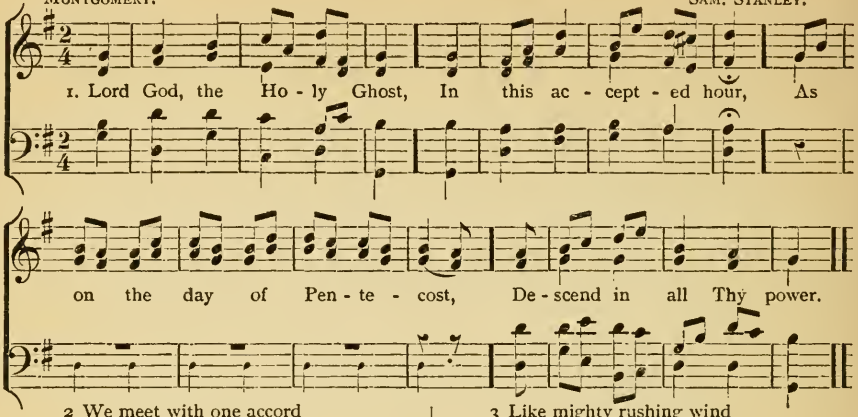
3 We talk of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!—CHO.

4 We talk of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear;
The songs of the blessed above,
But what must it be to be there!—CHO.

* *From the "Pearl," by per. S. Brainard's Sons.*

81.—SHIRLAND. S. M.

MONTGOMERY. SAM. STANLEY.

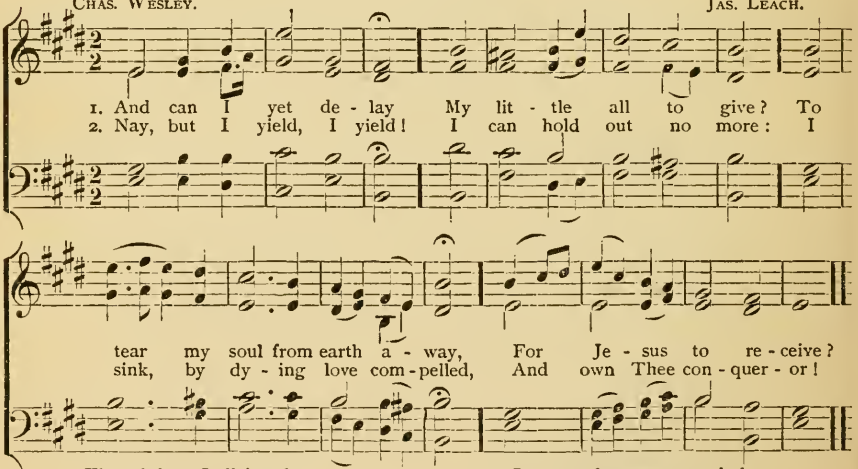


2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

82.—WATCHMAN. S. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. JAS. LEACH.

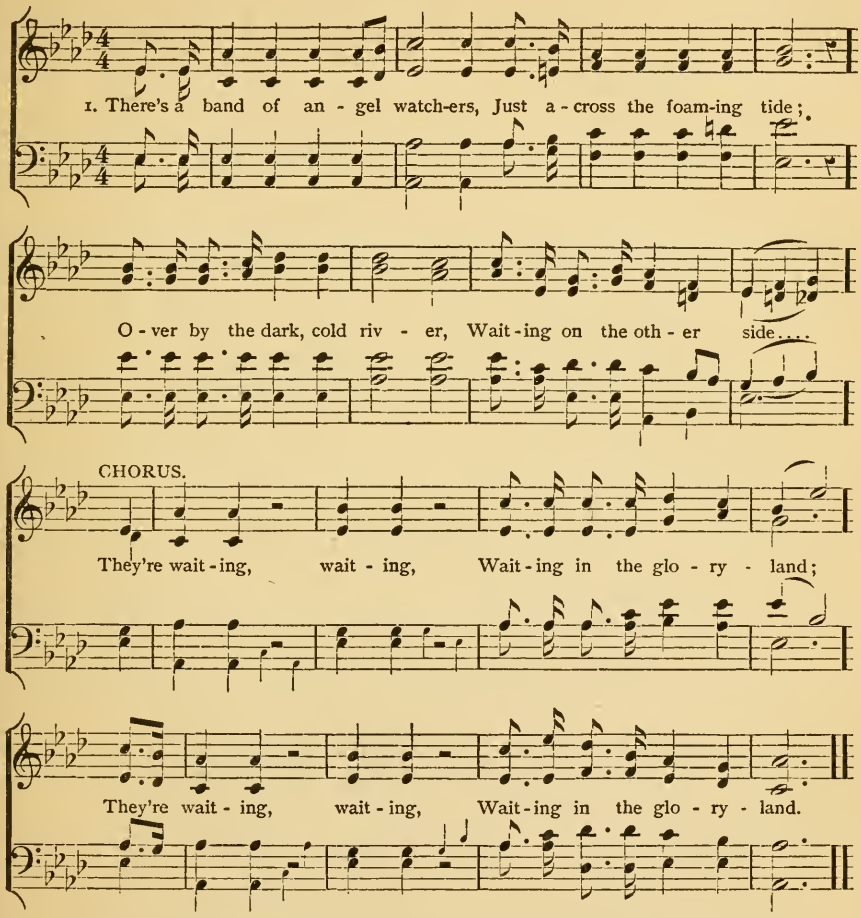


3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all Thy weight of love.

83.—ANGEL WATCHERS.

W. A. Ogden.*



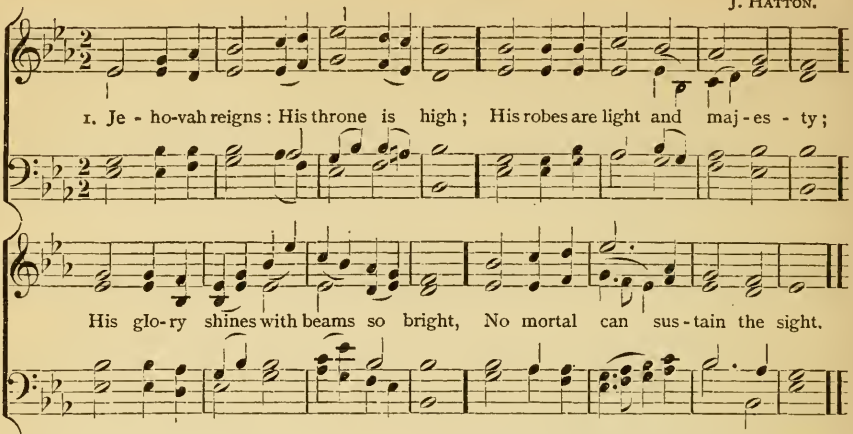
2 Waiting there with smiling faces,
In their spotless robes of white;
While far out upon the billows
Comes to us a gleam of light.

3 But we soon shall pass the portal,
Then we'll grasp the kindly hand;
Soon we'll greet the forms that bind us
To the blessed glory-land.

* *From "Joyful Songs," by permission of S. Brainard's Sons.*

84.—DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

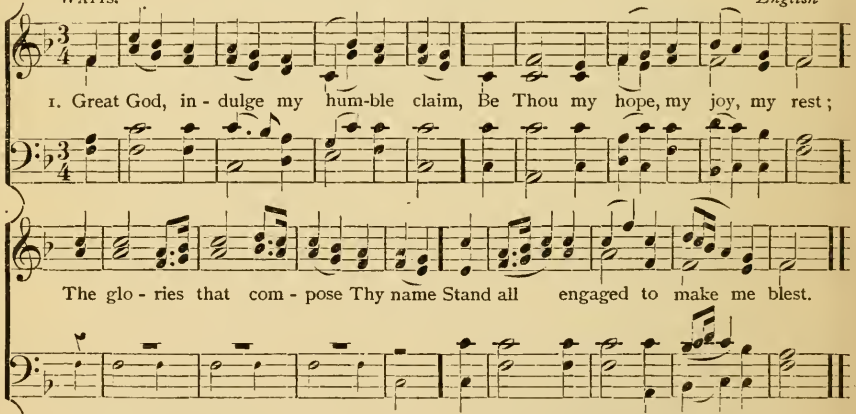


2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards His holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all His works His wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of His will.

85.—EFFINGHAM. L. M.

WATTS. *English*

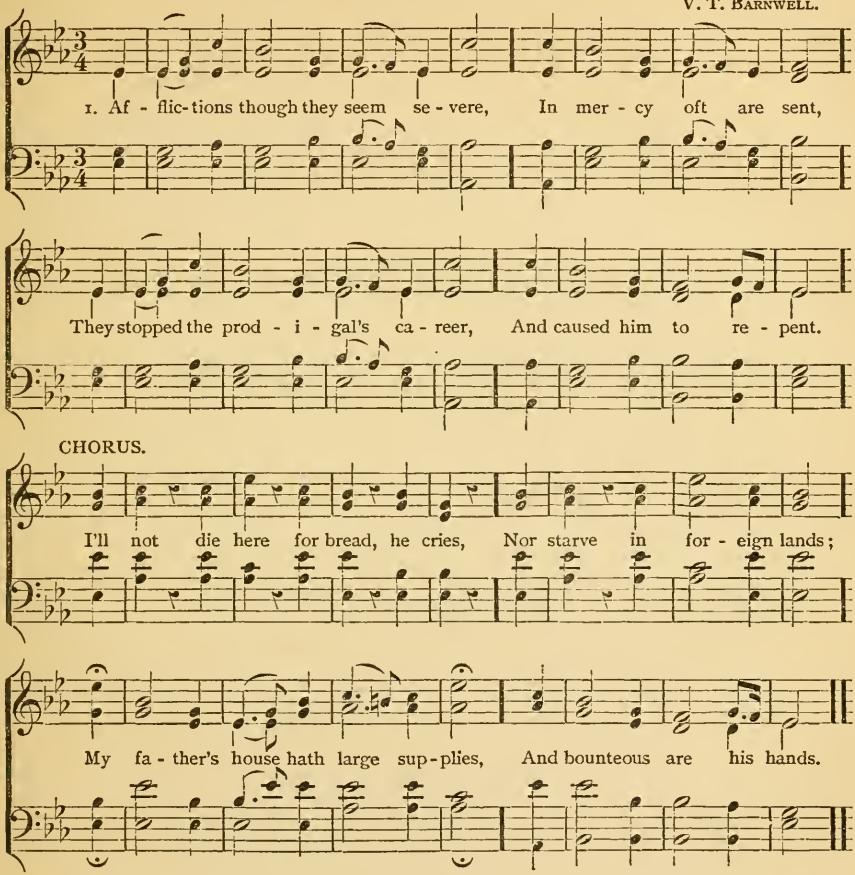


2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am Thine by sacred ties,—
Thy son, Thy servant bought with blood.

3 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

86.—THE PRODIGAL. C. M. D.

V. T. Barnwell.



2 What have I gained by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear:
My father's house abounds in bread,
While I am starving here.—Cho.

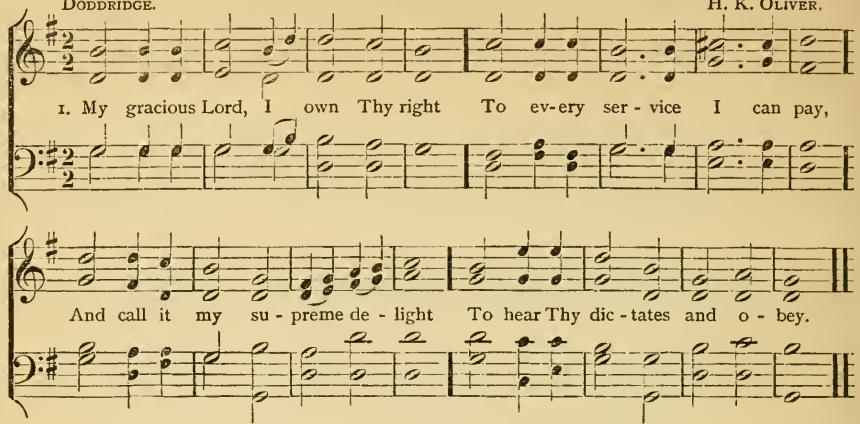
3 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.—Cho.

4 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, he ran, he smiled;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.—Cho.

5 O father, I have sinned, forgive—
Enough, the father said:
Rejoice, my house, my son 's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.—Cho.

87.—FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

DODDRIDGE. H. K. OLIVER.

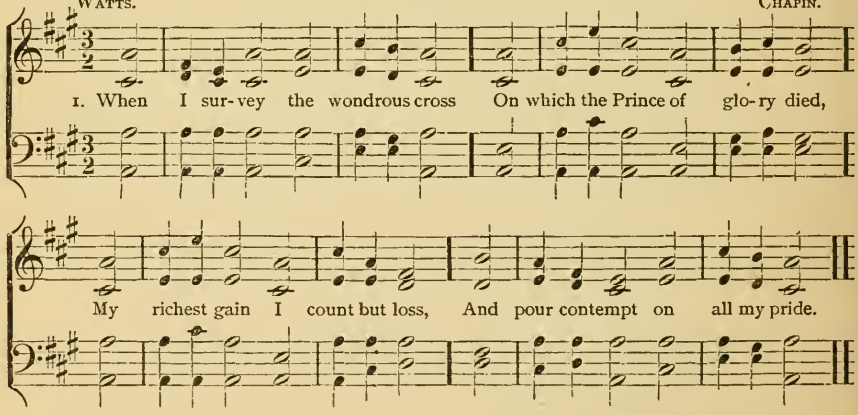


2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight Thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.

88.—FOREST. L. M.

WATTS. CHAPIN.

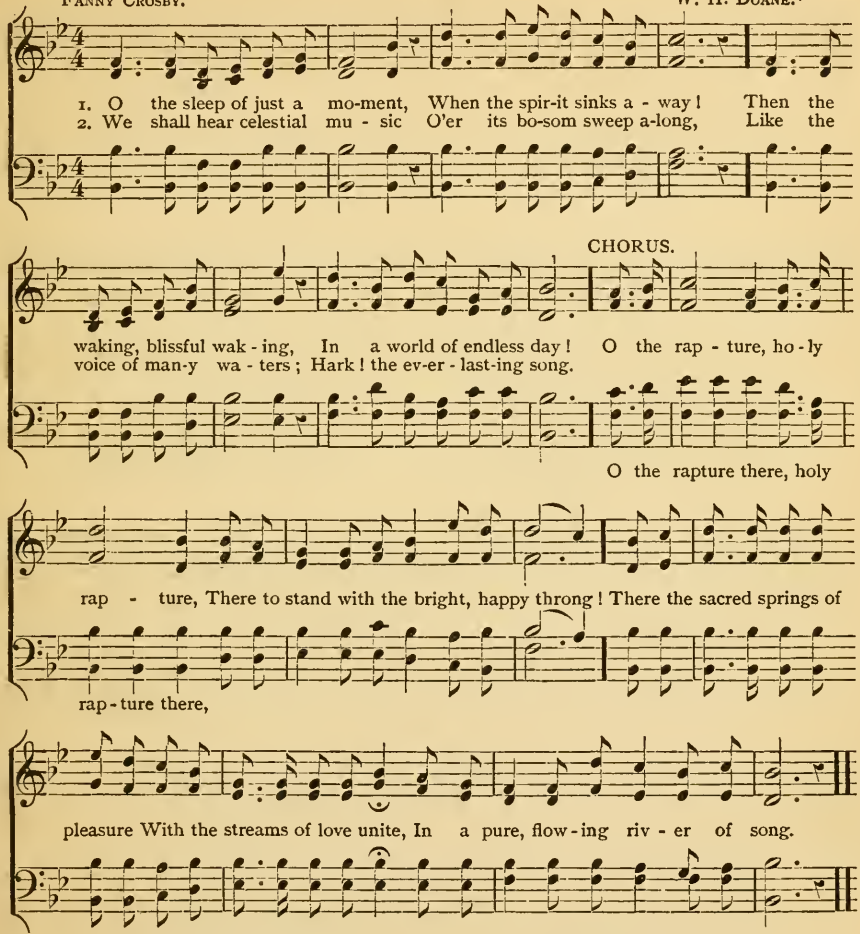


2 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

89.—THE RIVER OF SONG.

FANNY CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.*



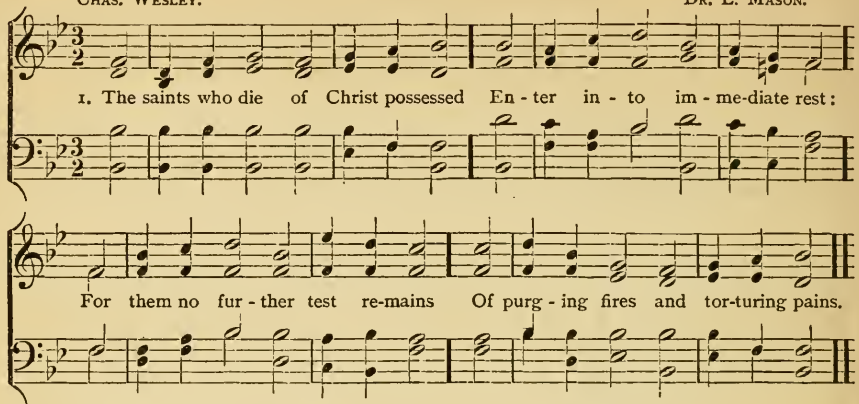
3 In their numbers far excelling
All the countless orbs above,
They who swell the mighty chorus,
In the spirit world of love.—CHO.

4 Worthy is the Lamb forever,
Worthy is the Lamb, they cry;
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory be to God most high!—CHO.

* *From "Royal Diadem," by per. Biglow & Main, N. Y.*

90.—HEBRON. L. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. DR. L. MASON.

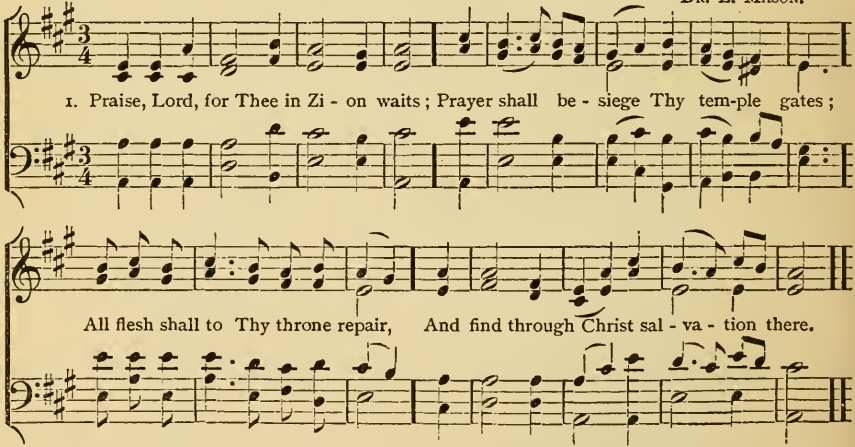


2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in paradise.

3 Yet, glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne,
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

91.—MIGDOL. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

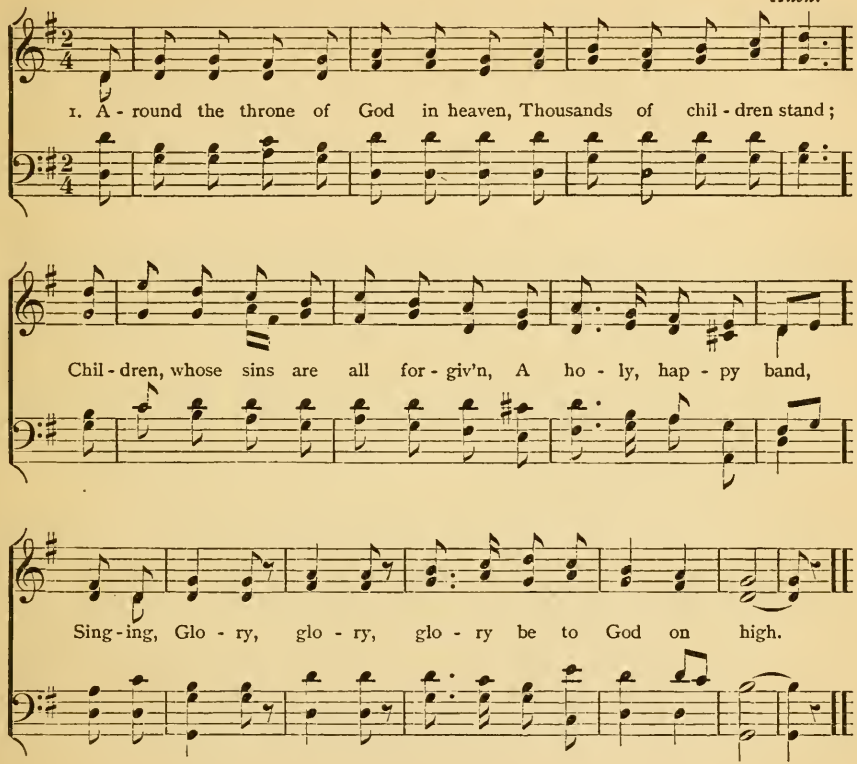


2 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who trust in Thee.

3 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
Oh, let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

92.—AROUND THE THRONE.

Anon.



2.

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, etc.

3.

What brought them to that world above—
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?
Singing, Glory, glory, etc.

4.

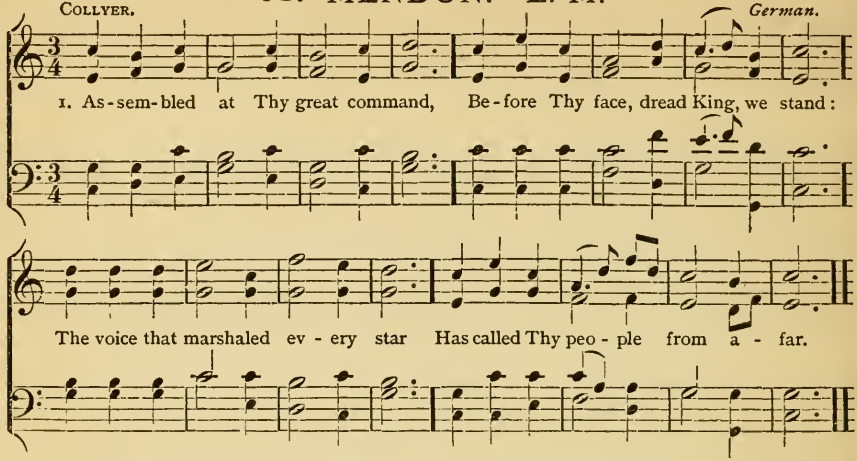
Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, etc.

5.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, etc.

93.—MENDON. L. M.

COLLYER. *German.*

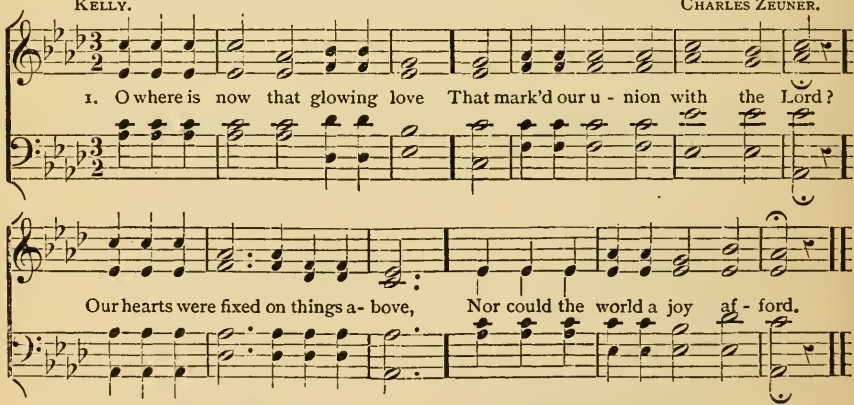


2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The anthem of Thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

94.—MISSIONARY CHANT.

KELLY. CHARLES ZEUNER.

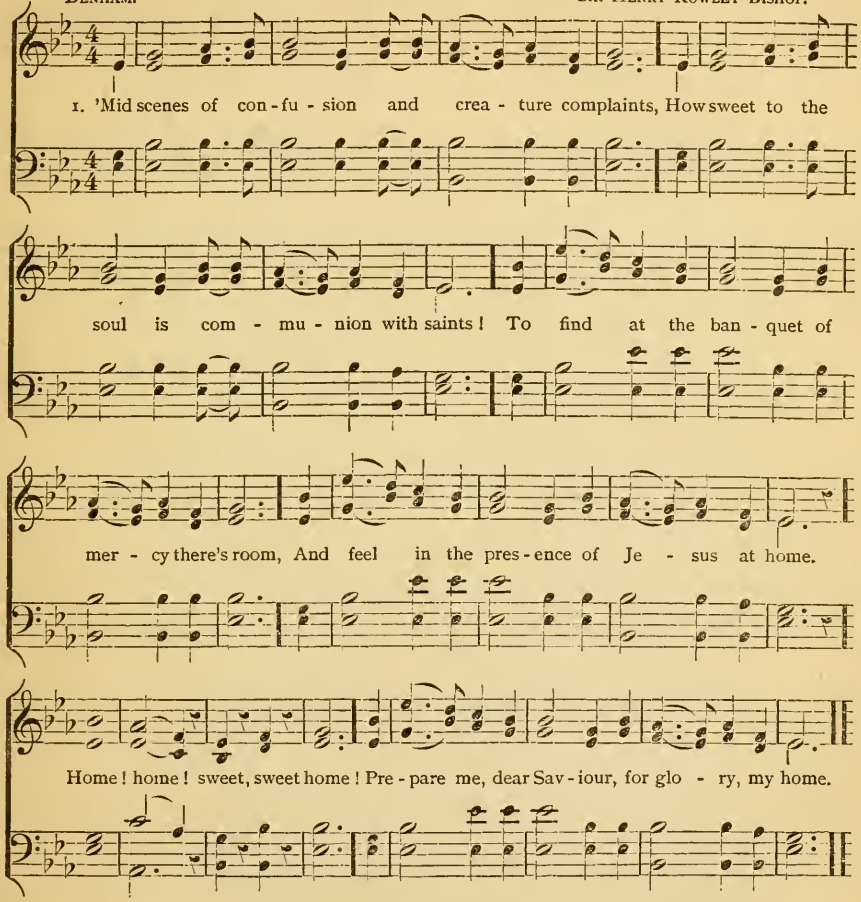


2 Where are the happy seasons, spent
In fellowship with Him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

3 Behold, again we turn to Thee;
O cast us not away, though vile:
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in Thy smile.

95.—HOME, SWEET HOME!

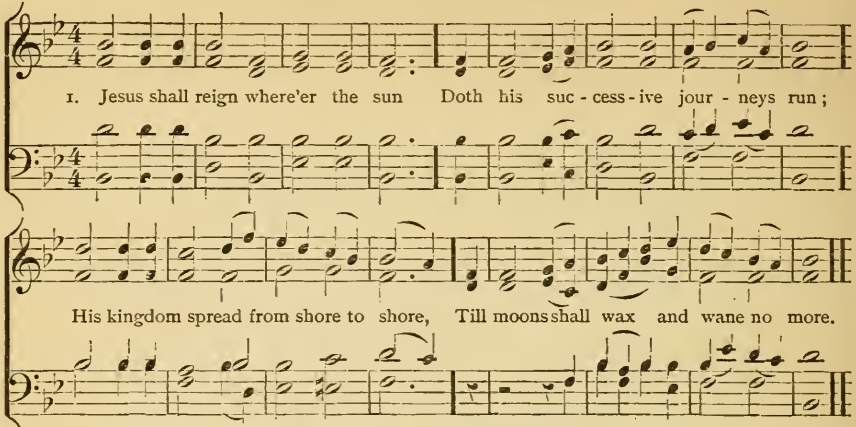
DENHAM. SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee:
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

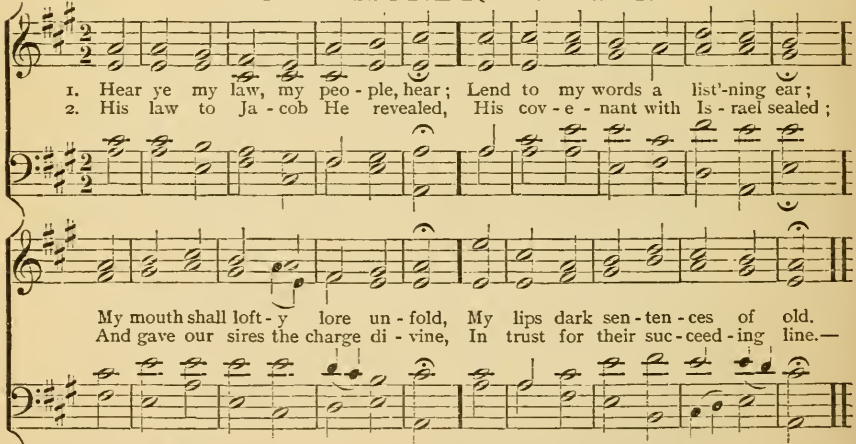
WATTS. 96.—ORLAND. L. M. DR. ARNOLD.



2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

MANT. 97.—OLD HUNDRED. L. M. G. FRANC.

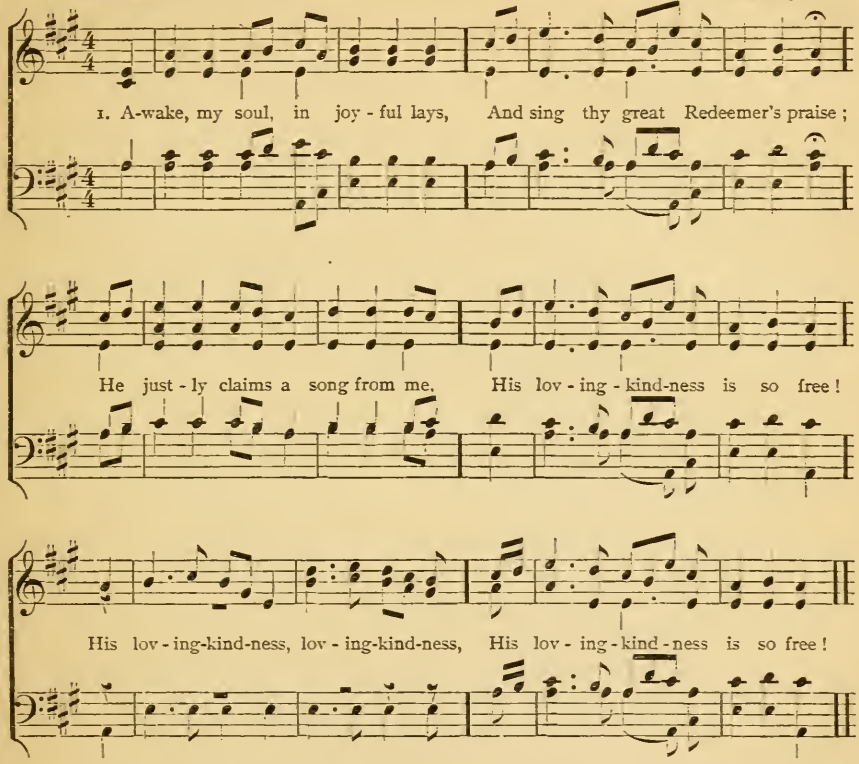


3 That year to year, and age to age,
Might safe convey the sacred page;
And still His truth perpetual run,
Transmitted down from sire to son;

4 That on the arm of power divine,
Sons yet unborn might still recline;
Nor e'er forget the works of God,
Nor e'er forsake His guiding rod.

98.—LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. *Western Melody.*



2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness is so great.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.

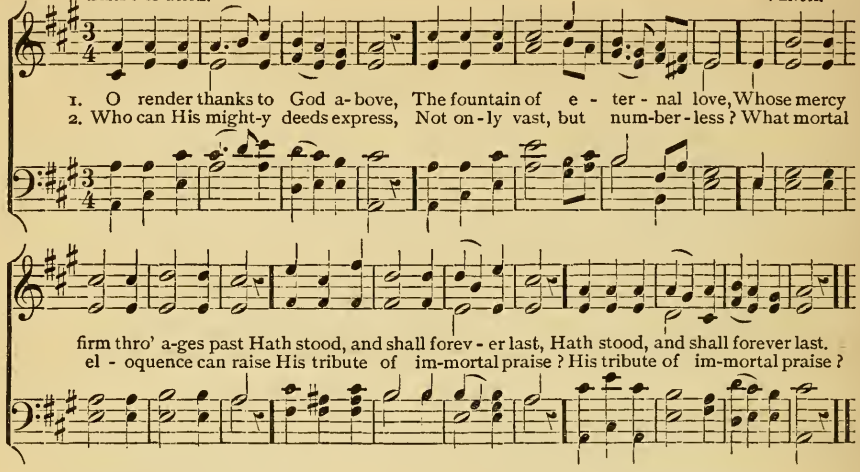
4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from Jesus to depart;
And though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

6 Then shall I mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
Then shall I sing with sweet surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies!

99.—PARK STREET. L. M.

BRADY & TATE. VENUA.

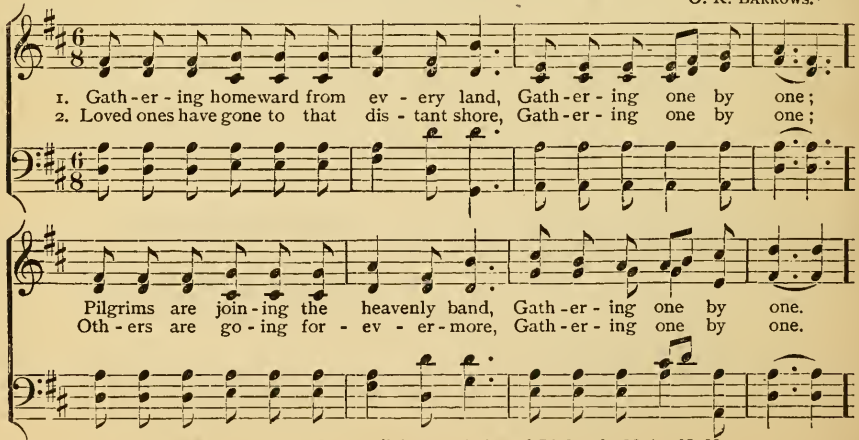


3 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,—
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine!

4 Let Israel's God be ever blessed,
His name eternally confessed:
Let all His saints, with one accord,
In solemn hymns proclaim their Lord.

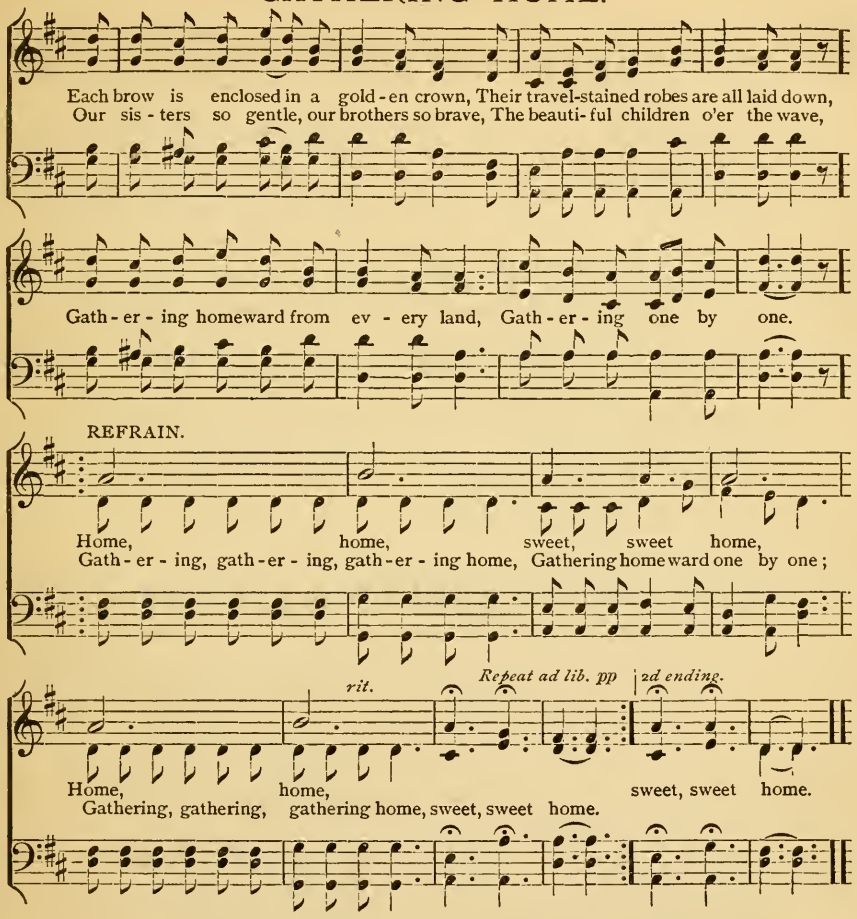
100.—GATHERING HOME.

O. R. BARROWS.*



* *From "Brightest and Best," by permission of Biglow & Main, N. Y.*

GATHERING HOME.

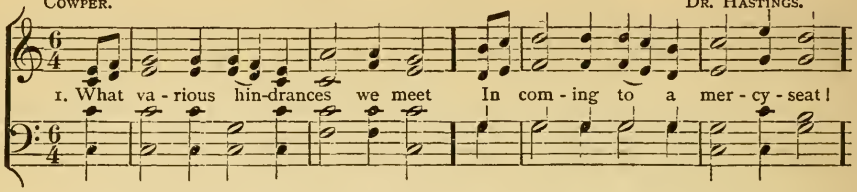


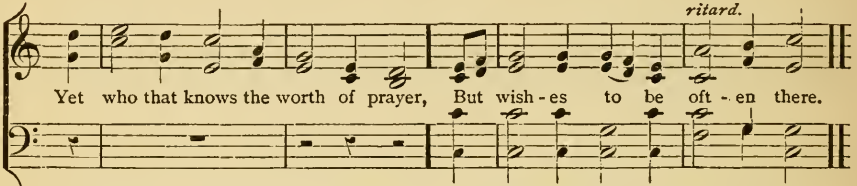
3 We, too, shall come to the river-side,
Gathering one by one;
Nearer its waters each eventide,
Gathering one by one;
O Jesus, our fainting strength uphold,
The waves of that river are dark and cold;
Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.—REF.

4 Jesus, Redeemer, be Thou our stay!
Gathering one by one:
Cross the dark river with us, we pray,
Gathering one by one;
Then boldly we'll come to Jordan's side,
And fearlessly breast its swelling tide,
Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.—REF.

101.—RETREAT. L. M.

COWPER. DR. HASTINGS.



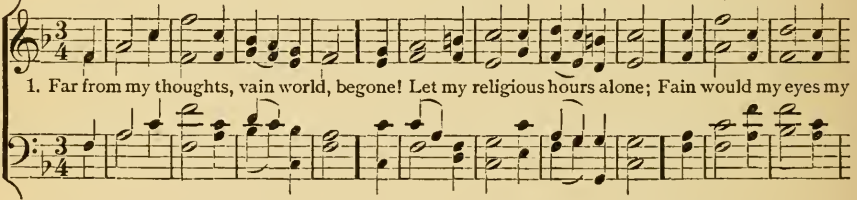


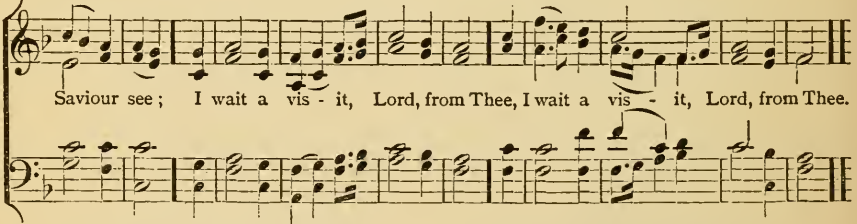
2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

102.—ROTHWELL. L. M.

WATTS. WM. TANSUR.



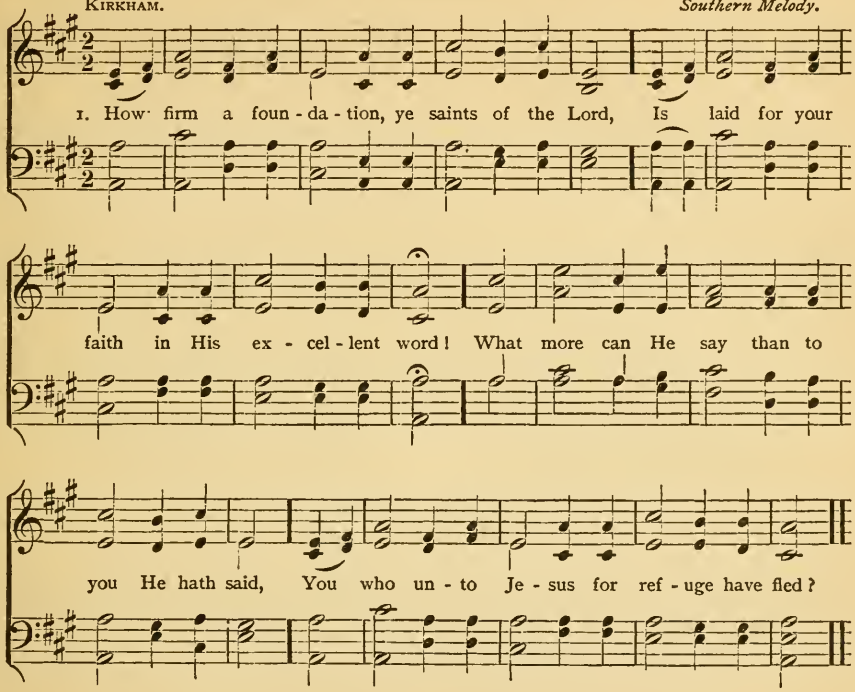


2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet Thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

103.—PROTECTION. IIS.

KIRKHAM. *Southern Melody.*



2 In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

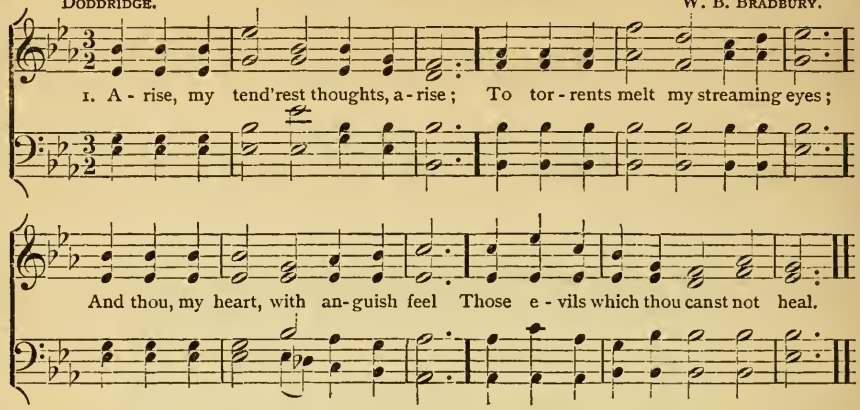
5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flame shall not hurt thee;—I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I *will* not, I *will* not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no*, *never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

104.—REST. L. M.

DODDRIDGE. W. B. BRADBURY.

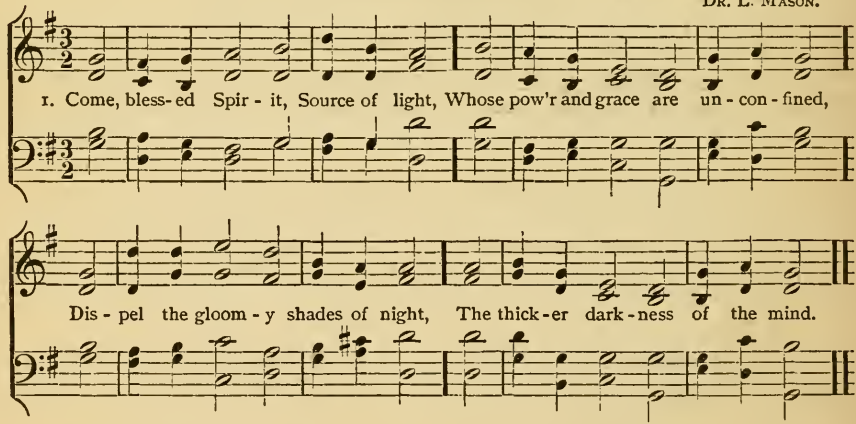


2 My God, I feel the mournful scene:
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

3 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

105.—ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

DR. L. MASON.

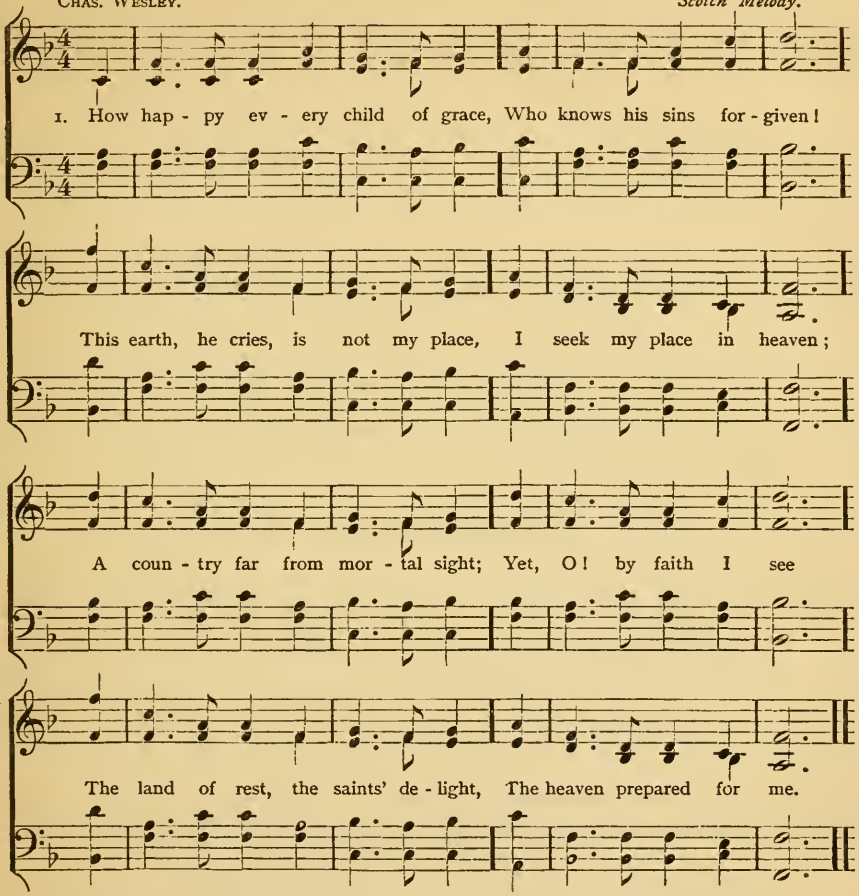


2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth Thy words reveal;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
Make me delight to do Thy will.

3 While through these dubious paths I stray,
Spread, like the sun, Thy beams abroad;
Oh, show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

106.—ASSURANCE. C. M. D.

CHAS. WESLEY. *Scotch Melody.*

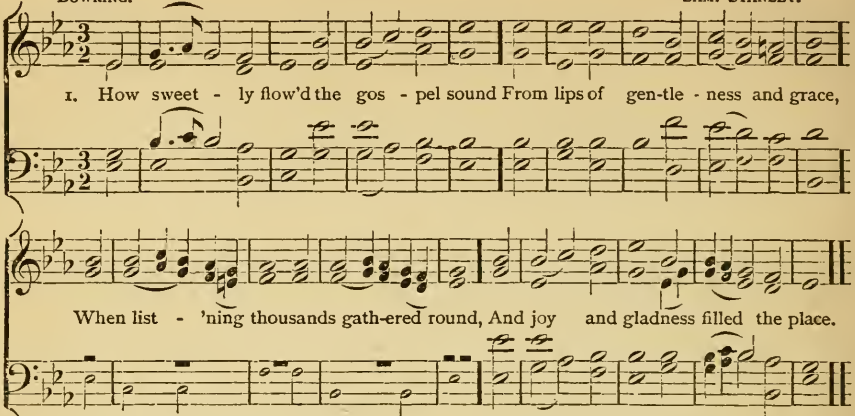


2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe,
Provoke my hope or fear;
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But, O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.
There my exalted Saviour stands
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends His wounded hands,
To take me to His breast.

107.—STONEFIELD. L. M.

BOWRING. SAM. STANLEY.

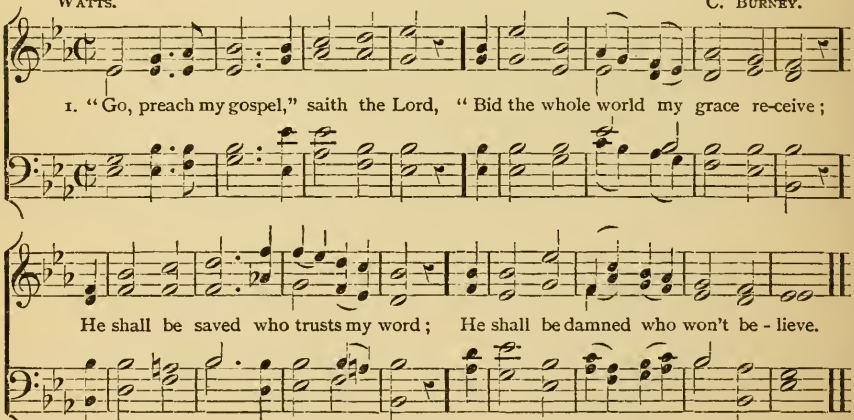


2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

108.—TRURO. L. M.

WATTS. C. BURNEY.

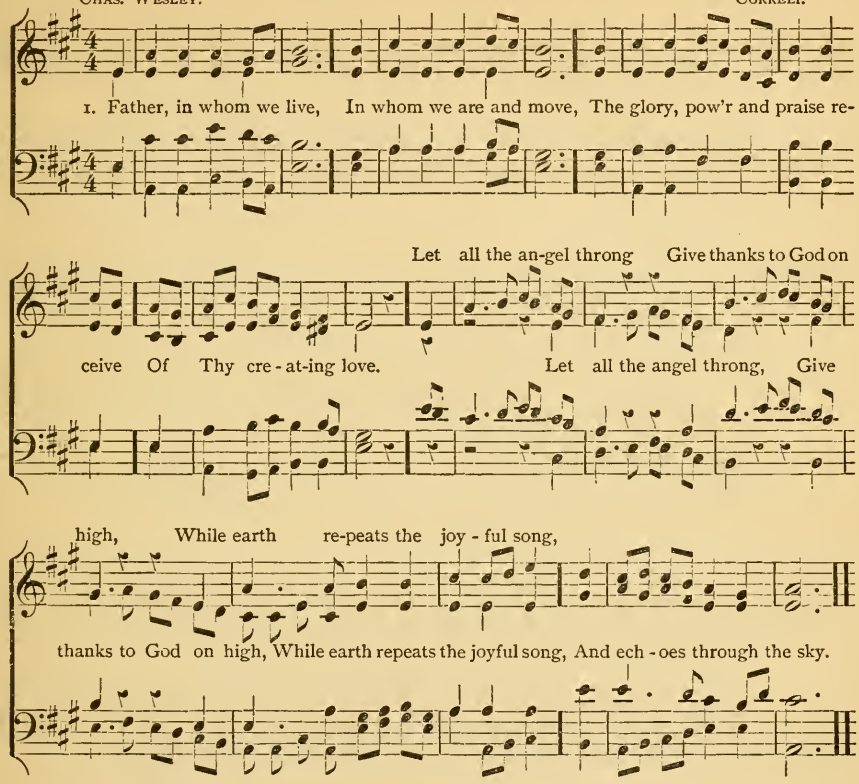


2 "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in My hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

109.—AIN. S. M. D.

CHAS. WESLEY. CORRELI.



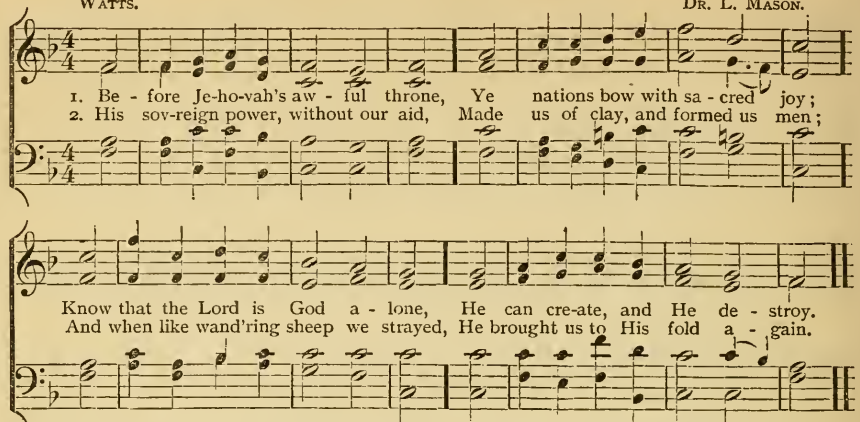
2 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render, in thanks, their lives to Thee,
For Thy redeeming grace;
The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.
Not angel tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight!

4 Eternal, Triune Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record,
And dwell upon Thy love.
When heaven and earth are fled
Before Thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints Thy love hath made,
Thine everlasting praise!

110.—UXBRIDGE. L. M.

WATTS. DR. L. MASON.

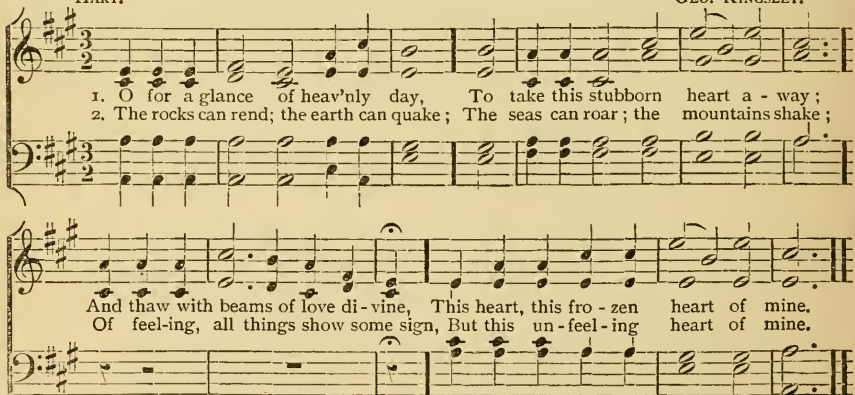


3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

111.—WARE. L. M.

HART. GEO. KINGSLEY.

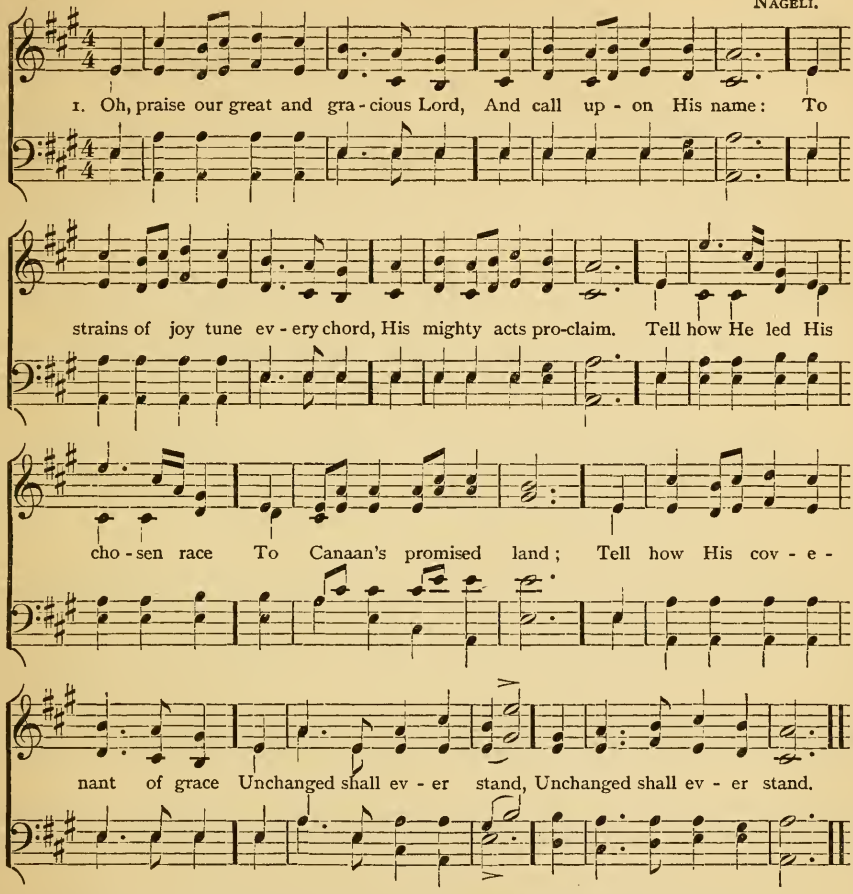


3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt!
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 But something yet can do the deed;
And that blest something much I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

112.—IDDO. C. M. D.

NAGELI.

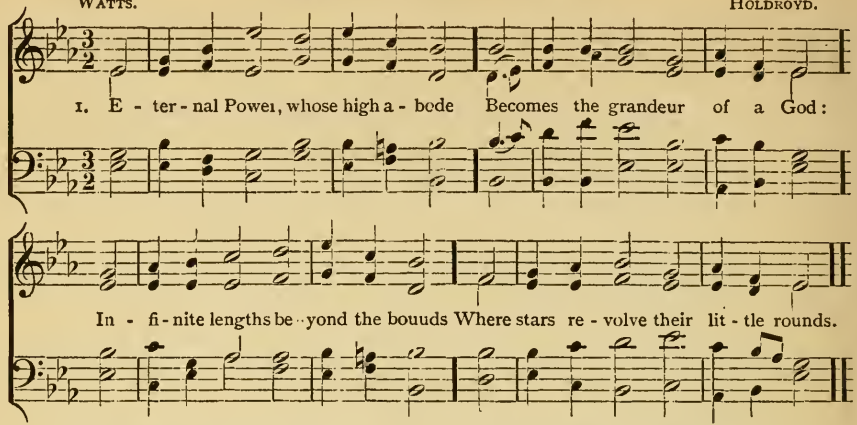


2 We, too, have manna from above,—
The bread that came from heaven;
To us the same kind hand of love
Hath living waters given.
A rock we have, from whence the spring
In rich abundance flows;
That rock is Christ, our Priest, our King,
Who life and health bestows.

3 Oh, let us prize this blessed food,
And trust our heavenly Guide;
So shall we find death's fearful flood
Serene as Jordan's tide;
And safely reach that happy shore,
The land of peace and rest,
Where angels worship and adore,
In God's own presence bless'd.

113.—WELLS. L. M.

WATTS. HOLDROYD.

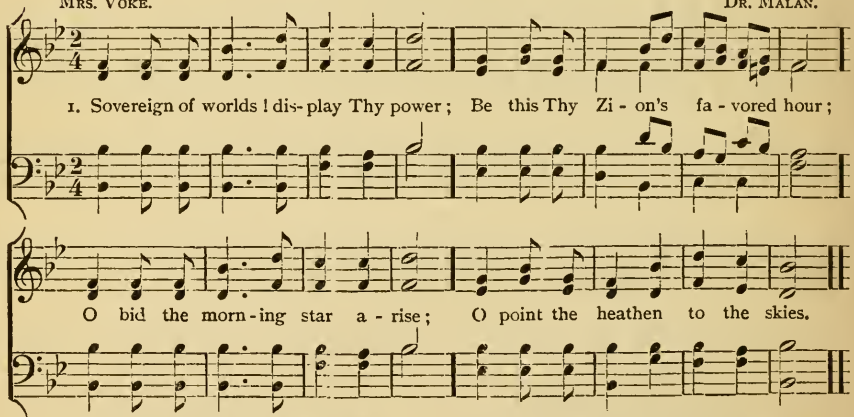


2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Earth from afar hath heard Thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp Thy name:
But O! the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

114.—WELTON. L. M.

MRS. VOKE. DR. MALAN.



2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make Thou the universe Thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice:
Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

115.—THE ROYAL DIADEM.

REV. E. NASON. W. O. PERKINS.*

1ST DIVISION.

1. Have you heard the sweet sto-ry, more precious than gold, Of the babe in the manger, by
2. Do you know how he hush'd the wild waves of the sea, And from dangers ap-palling the
3. And don't you re-mem-ber how ten-der and kind He was to the children, the
4. And was it not sweet in the tem-ple to hear The cho-rus of children, so

2D DIVISION.

sa - ges fore - told? We have heard the sweet sto - ry, and joy - ous we sing, Ho -
peo - ple set free? Yes, we know the great sto - ry, and joy - ous we sing, Ho -
poor and the blind? O yes, we re - mem - ber, and joy - ous we sing, Ho -
loud and so clear? Aye, sweet was the cho - rus, and with them we sing, Ho -

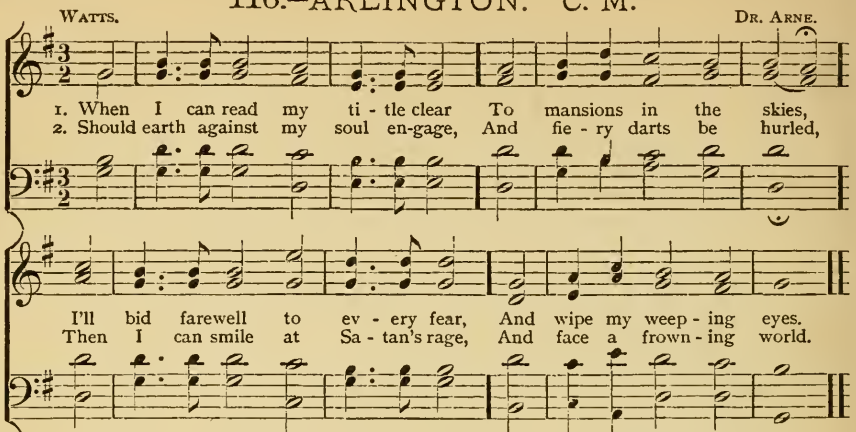
ALL.

san - na to Je-sus, Re-deemer and King! The babe that lay in Beth - le - hem, Must
san - na to Je-sus, Re-deemer and King! The man who sorrow's flood could stem, Must
san - na to Je-sus, Re-deemer and King! The Friend that was so dear to them, Must
san - na to Je-sus, Re-deemer and King! Let heaven and earth bring rar - est gem To

wear the roy - al di - a - dem, Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem.
wear the roy - al di - a - dem, Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem.
wear the roy - al di - a - dem, Must wear the roy - al di - a - dem.
deck His roy - al di - a - dem, To deck His roy - al di - a - dem.

* *From "Starry Crown," by per. W. A. Pond & Co.*

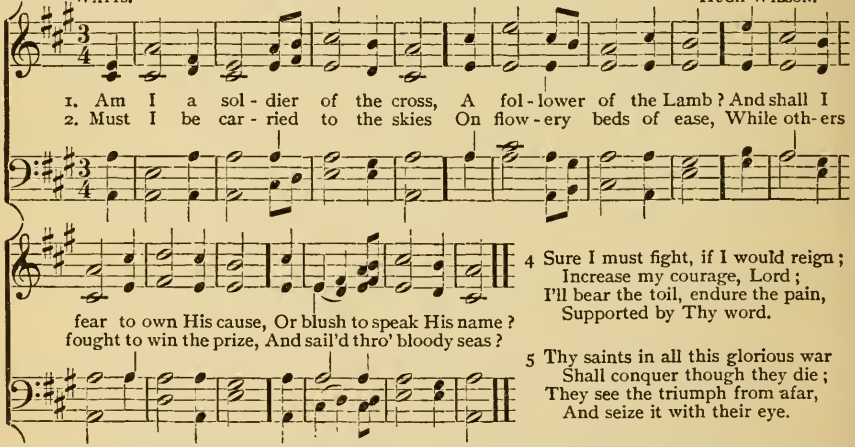
116.—ARLINGTON. C. M.



3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

117.—AVON. C. M.



3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

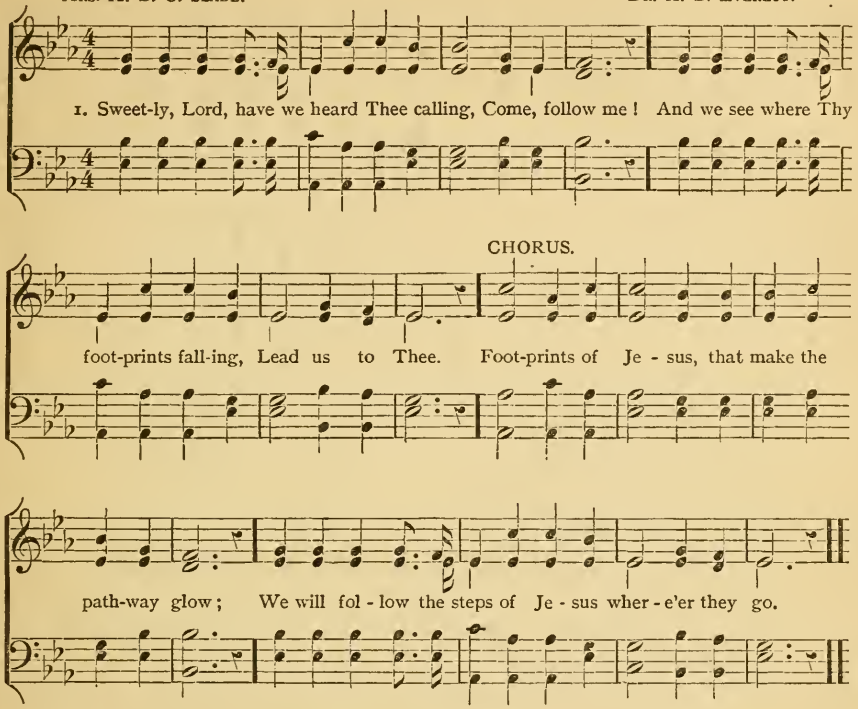
4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory thro' the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

118.—FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.*



2 Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains,
Seeking His sheep;
Or along by Siloam's fountains,
Helping the weak.—CHO.

3 If they lead through the temple holy,
Preaching the word;
Or in homes of the poor and lowly,
Serving the Lord.—CHO.

4 Tho', dear Lord, in Thy pathway keeping,
We follow Thee;
Thro' the gloom of that sad place weeping,
Gethsemane!—CHO.

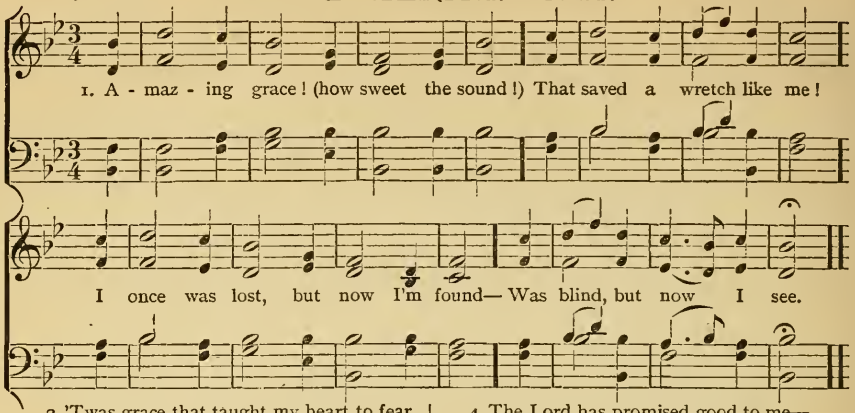
5 If Thy way and its sorrows bearing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing
Our cross of pain.—CHO.

6 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals
Heaven's golden streets.—CHO.

7 Then at last when on high He sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at His throne.—CHO.

* *By permission of R. M. McIntosh.*

J. Newton. **119.—BALERMA. C. M.** R. Simpson.



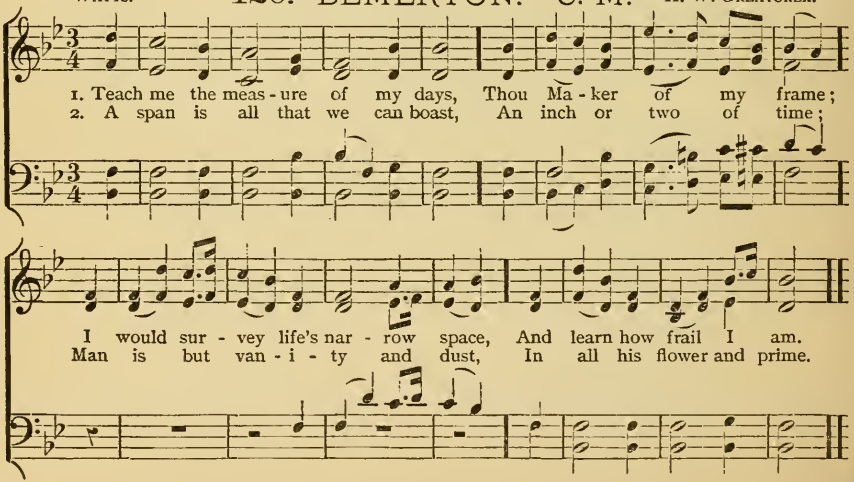
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me—
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

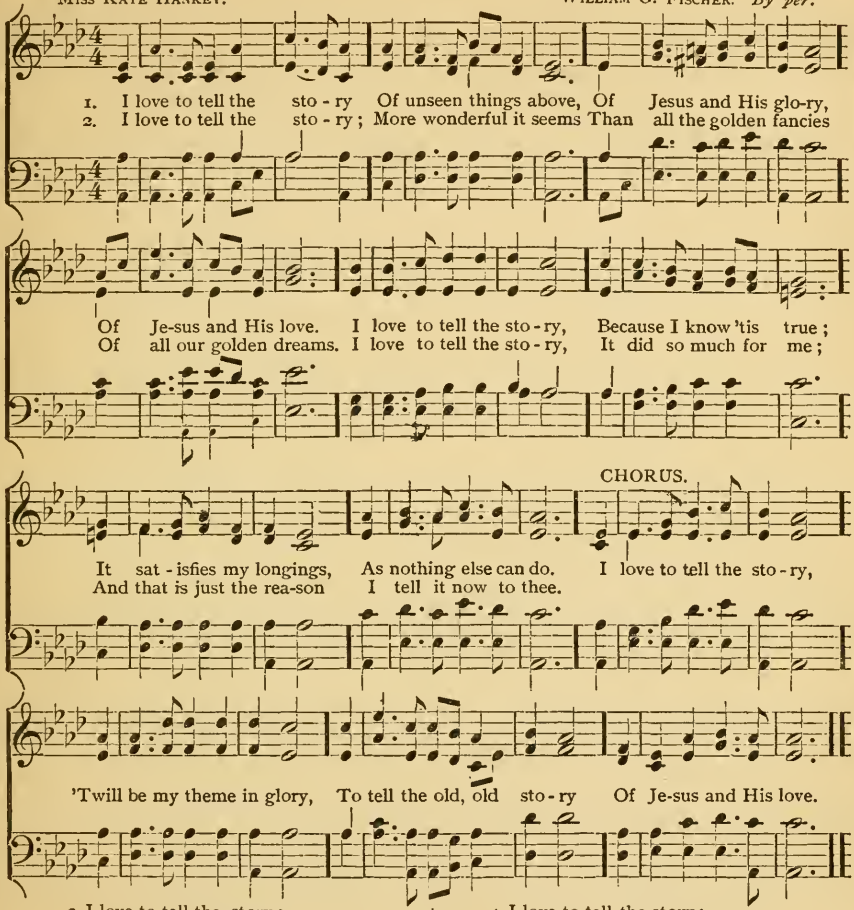
5 Yea, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

Watts. **120.—BEMERTON. C. M.** H. W. Greatorex.



121.—I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s.

MISS KATE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER. *By per.*

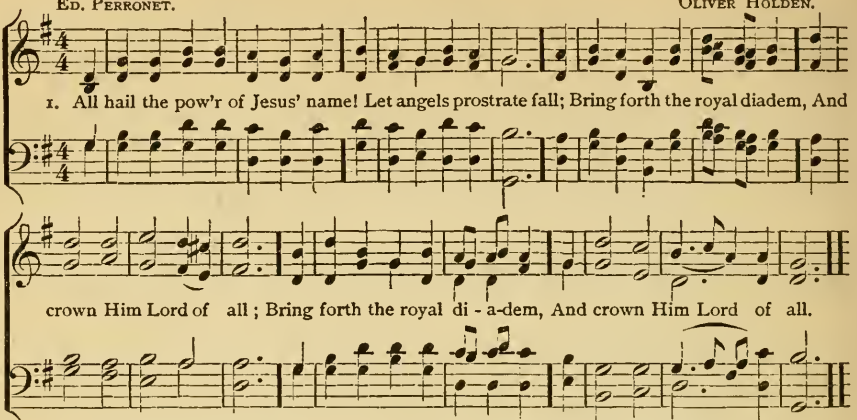


3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story,
That I have loved so long.

122.—CORONATION. C. M.

ED. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

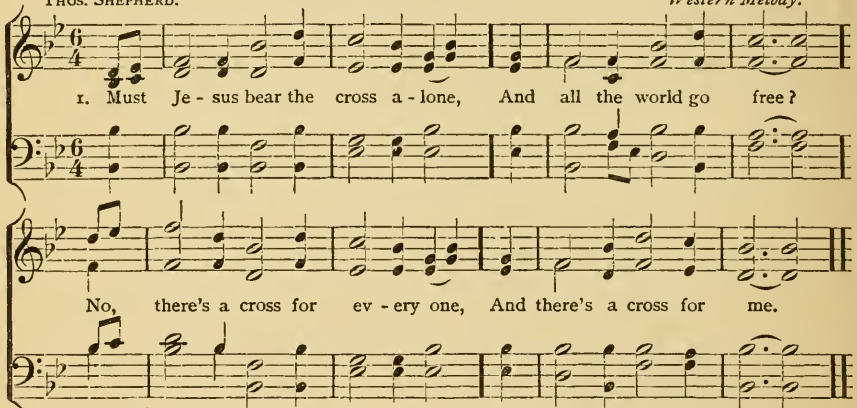


2 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

123.—CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD. *Western Melody.*

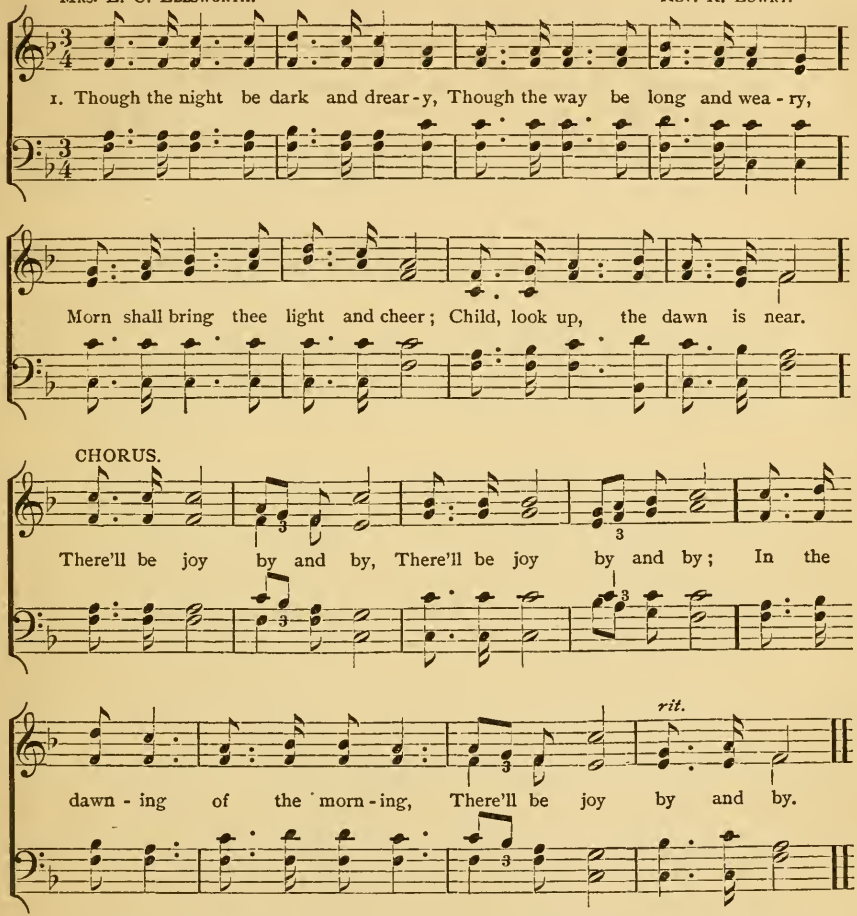


2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Oh, precious cross! Oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

124.—THERE'LL BE JOY BY AND BY.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. REV. R. LOWRY.*



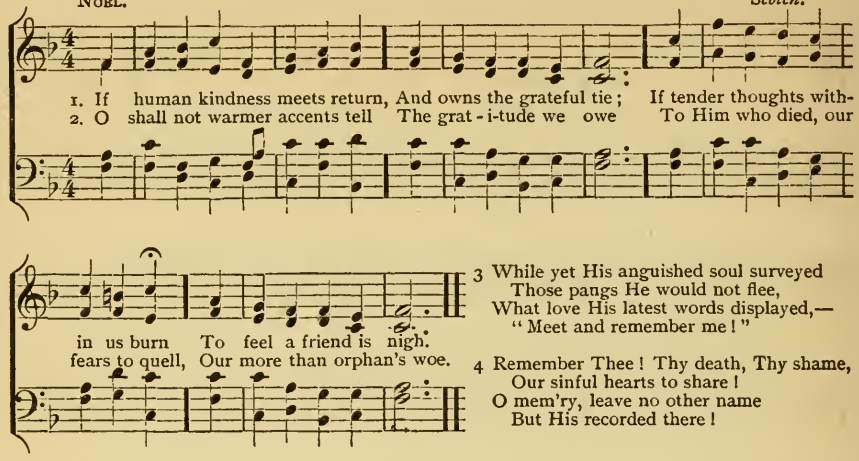
2 Though thine eyes are sad with weeping,
Through the night thy vigils keeping;
God shall wipe thy tears away,
Turn thy darkness into day.—CHO

3 Though thy spirit faints with fasting
Through the hours so slowly wasting,
Morn shall bring a glorious feast,
Thou shalt sit an honored guest.—CHO.

* *From "Welcome Tidings," by per. Biglow & Main, N. Y.*

125.—DUNDEE. C. M.

NOEL. *Scotch.*

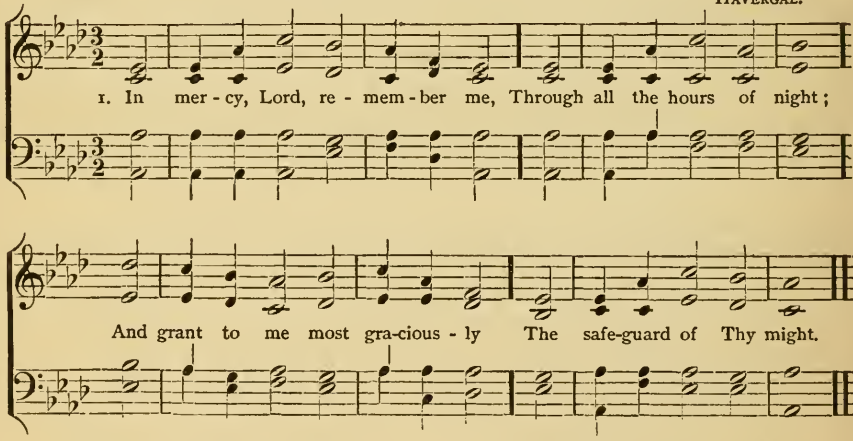


3 While yet His anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed,—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O mem'ry, leave no other name
But His recorded there!

126.—EVAN. C. M.

HAVERGAL.

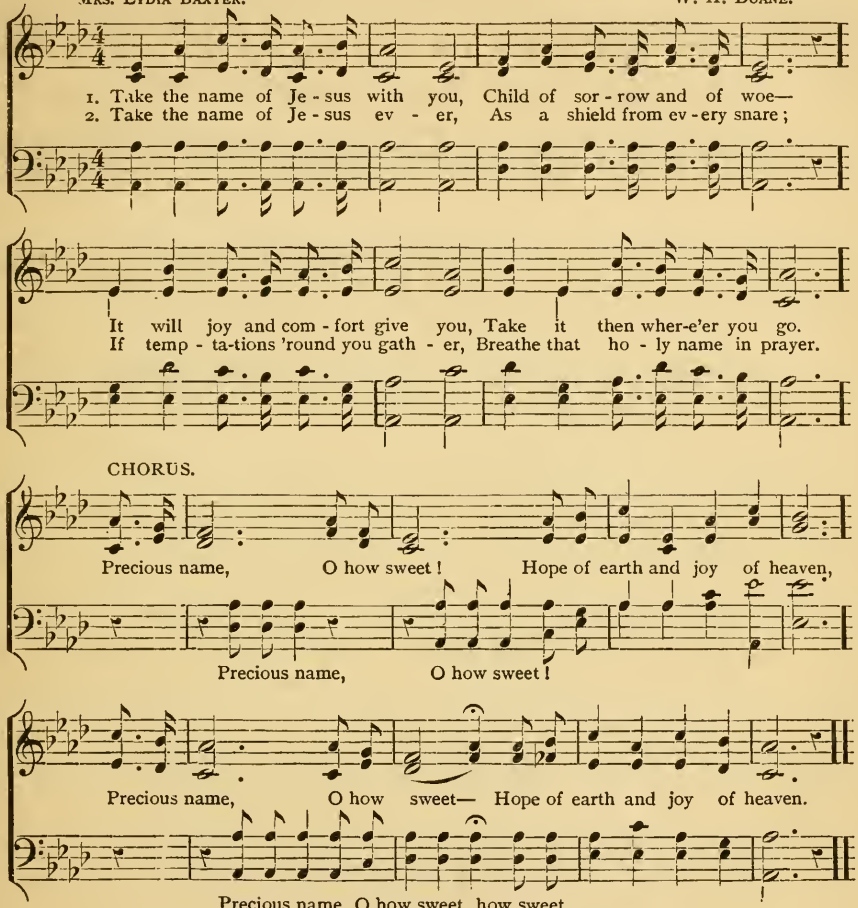


2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove;
O, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in Thy love.

3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to Thy promised rest,
Where I may sing Thy praise.

127.—THE PRECIOUS NAME.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.*



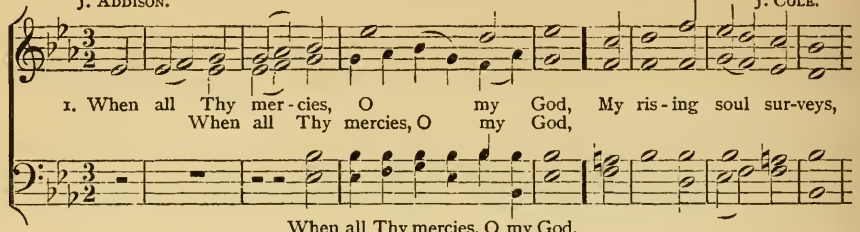
3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.—CHO.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet;
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him
When our journey is complete.—CHO.

* *From "Pure Gold," by permission of Biglow & Main, N. Y.*

128.—GENEVA. C. M.

J. Addison. J. Cole.

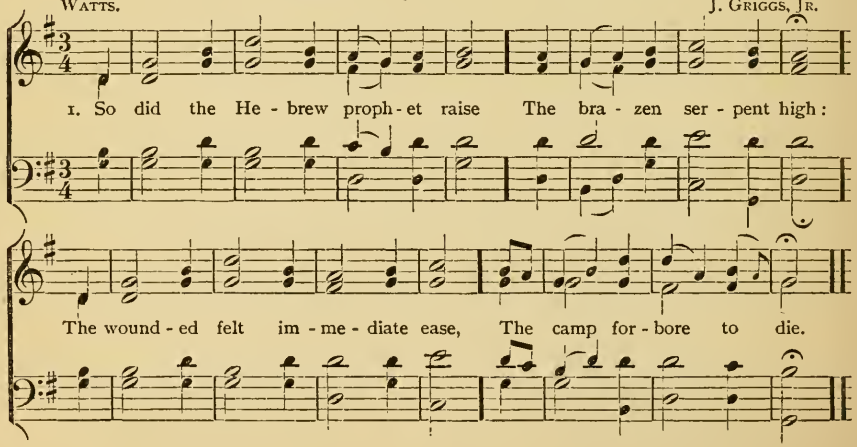


2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That grows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there!

3 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

129.—GRIGG. C. M.

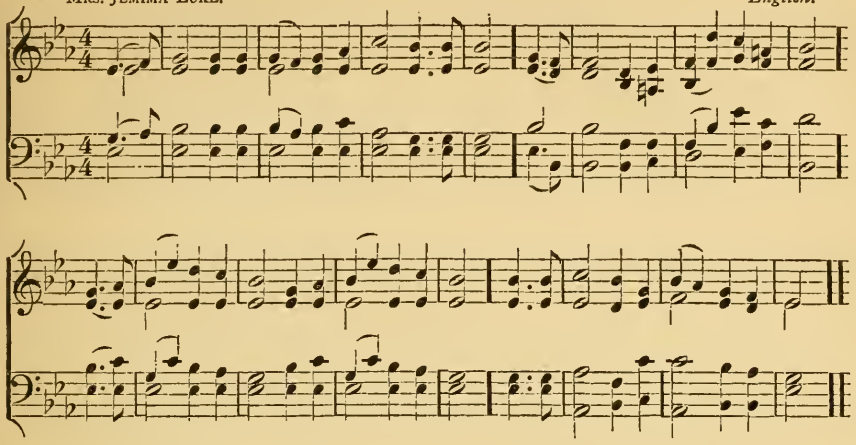
Watts. J. Griggs, Jr.



[*Balance of verses next page.*]

130.—THE SWEET STORY.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE. *English.*



1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me;
That I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

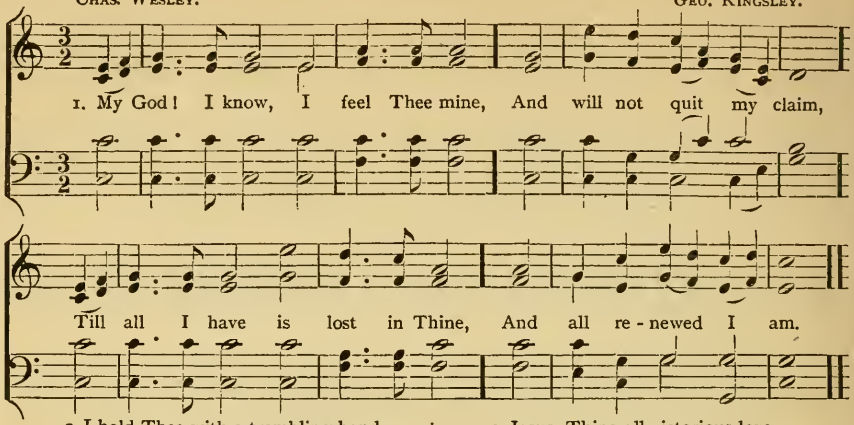
GRIGG—CONCLUDED.

2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
And live!" the prophet cries!
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung!
High in the heavens He reigns!
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

131.—HEBER. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. GEO. KINGSLEY.

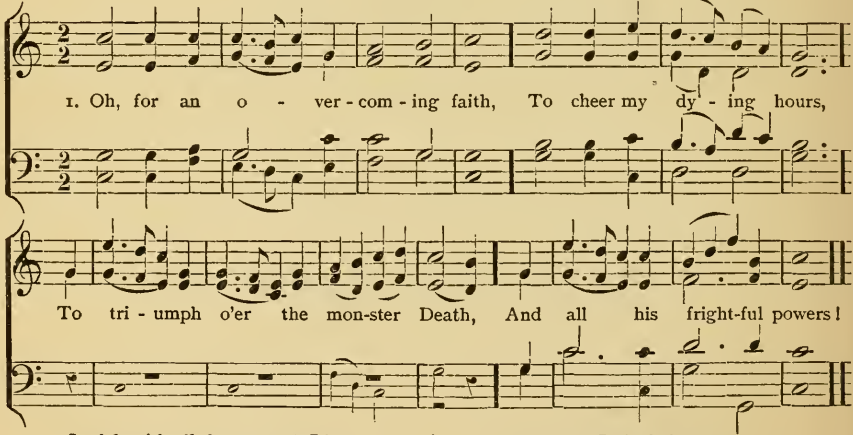


2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let Thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all Thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my heart no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

132.—HENRY. C. M.

S. B. POND.

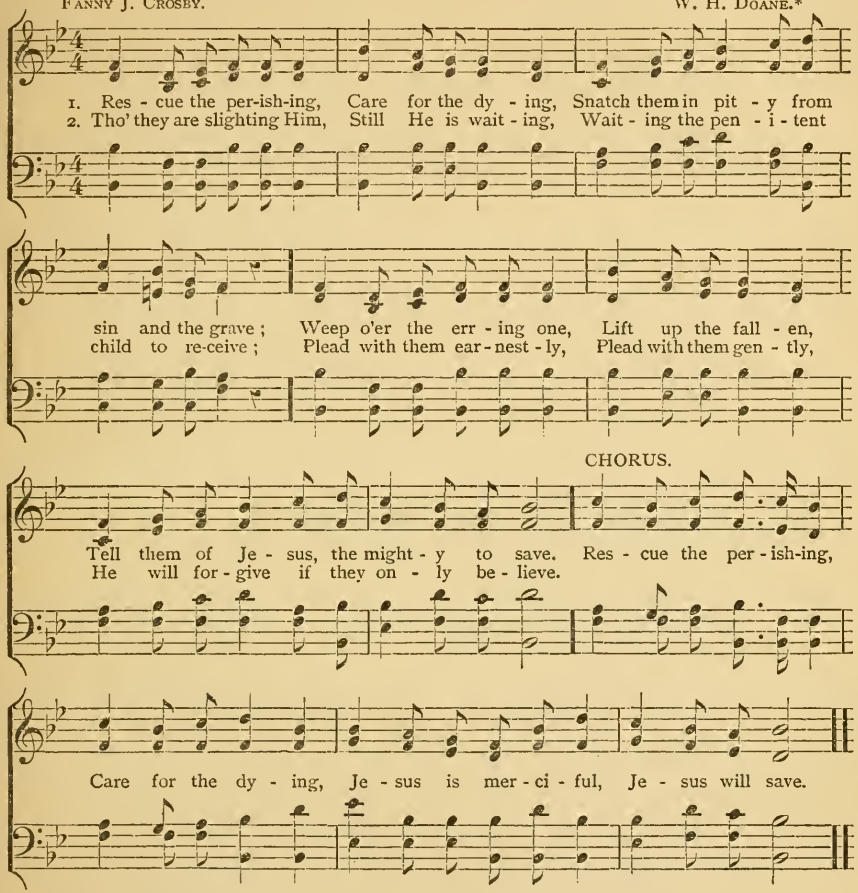


2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,—
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

133.—RESCUE THE PERISHING.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.*



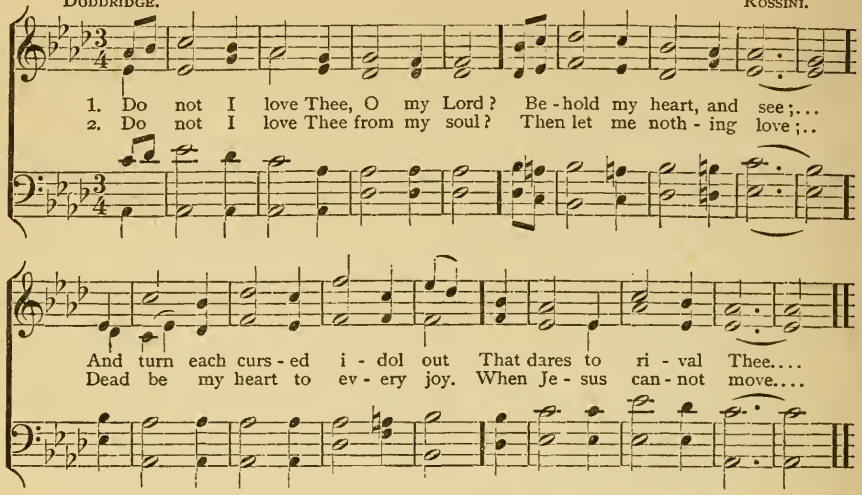
3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

* *From "Pure Gold," by per. of Biglow & Main, N. Y.*

134.—MANOAH. C. M.

DODDRIDGE. ROSSINI.

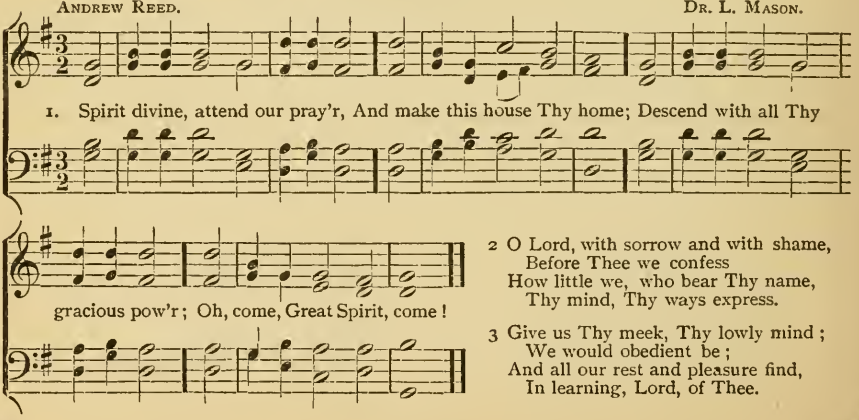


3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

4 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

135.—MARLOW. C. M.

ANDREW REED. DR. L. MASON.

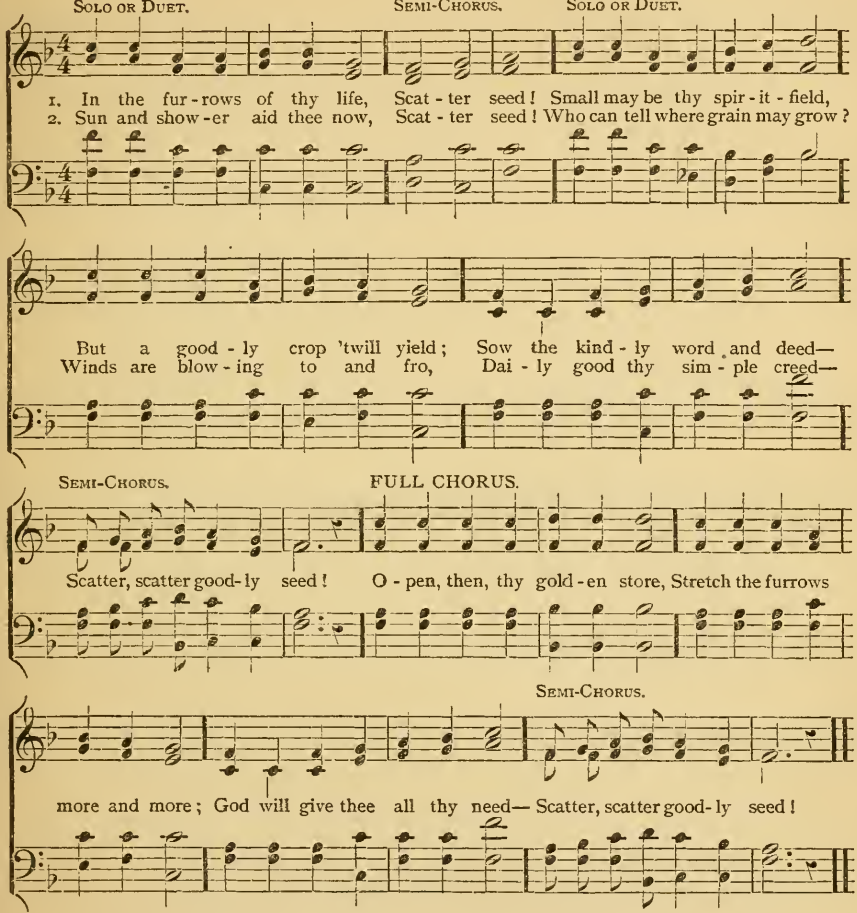


2 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
Before Thee we confess
How little we, who bear Thy name,
Thy mind, Thy ways express.

3 Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind;
We would obedient be;
And all our rest and pleasure find,
In learning, Lord, of Thee.

136.—THE GOLDEN STORE.

From "Song Sermons," by per.—PHILIP PHILLIPS.

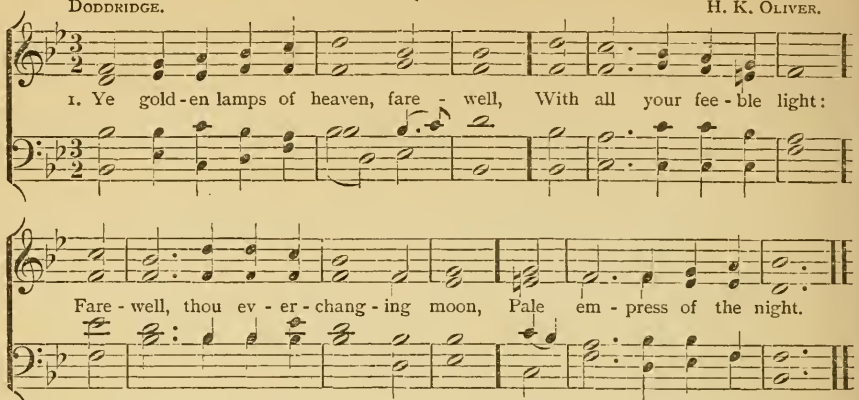


3 Though thy work should seem to fail,
Scatter seed!
Some may fall on stony ground:
Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed;
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHO.

4 Spring-time always dawns for thee!
Scatter seed!
Open, then, thy golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more;
God will give thee all thy need;
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—CHO.

137.—MERTON. C. M.

DODDRIDGE. H. K. OLIVER.

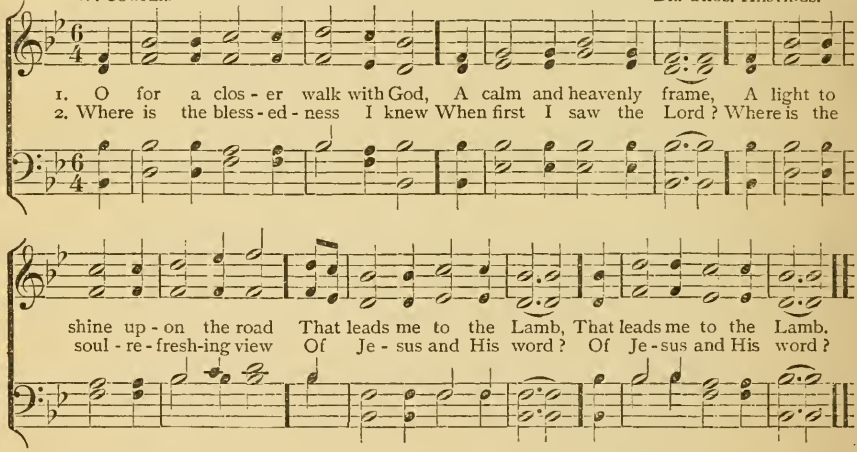


2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.

3 The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

138.—ORTONVILLE. C. M.

W. COWPER. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

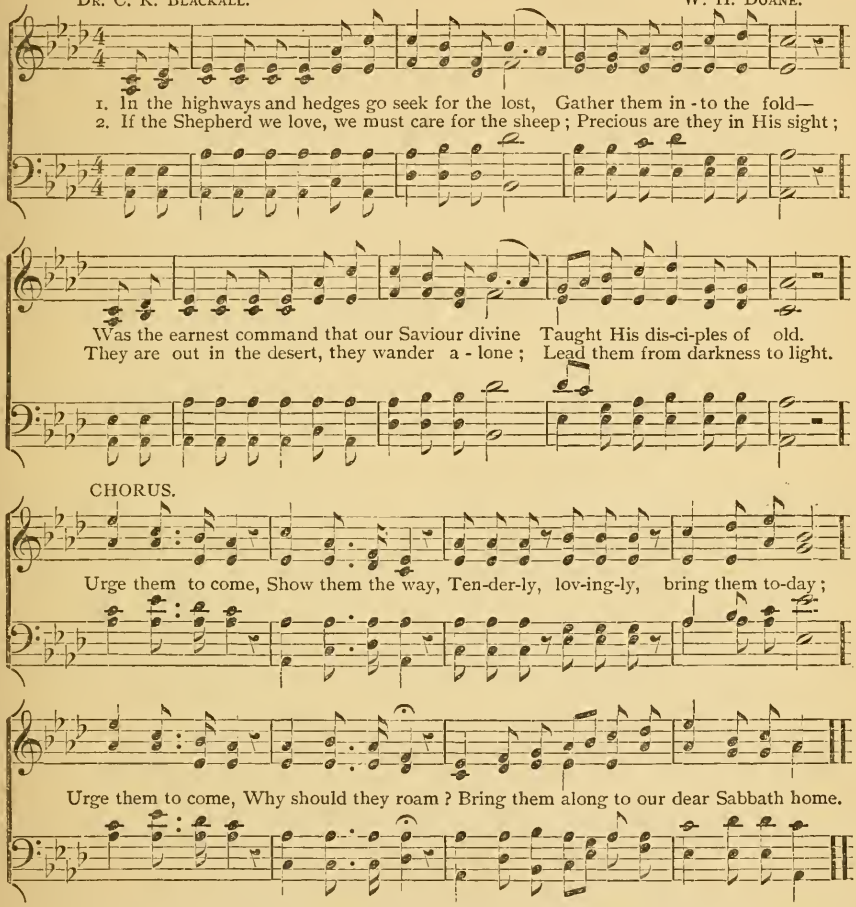


3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

139.—URGE THEM TO COME.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.



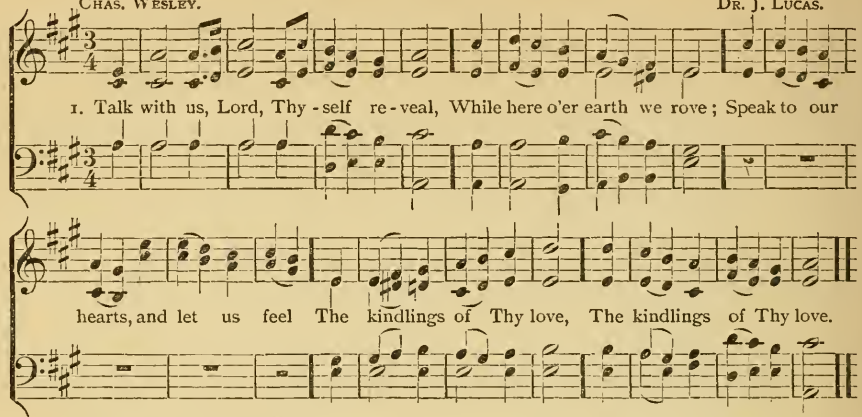
3 To the weary and thirsty the Saviour has said,
"Come, heavy-laden, to me,
I will give you to drink of the water of life;"
Tell them the fountain is free.—CHO.

4 There's a welcome for all in the kingdom of grace,
All who repent and believe;
And the souls that have strayed and returned to the fold,
Jesus will gladly receive.—CHO.

* *From "Pure Gold," by per. of Biglow & Main, N. Y.*

140.—SWANWICK. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. DR. J. LUCAS.

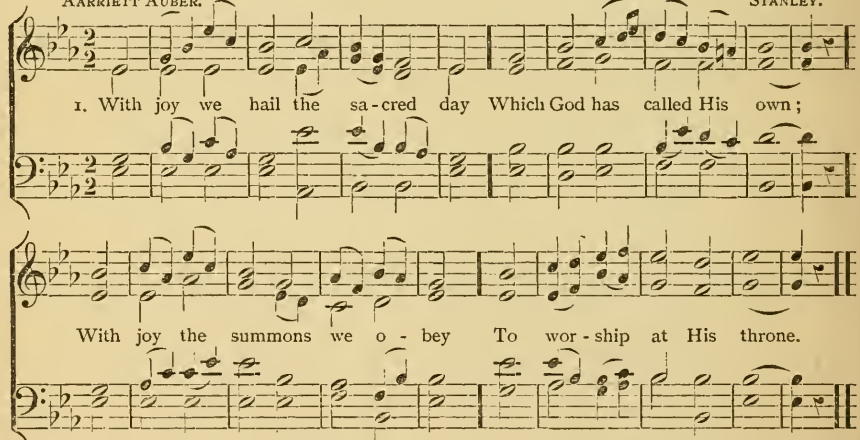


2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

141.—WARWICK. C. M.

AARRIETT AUBER. STANLEY.

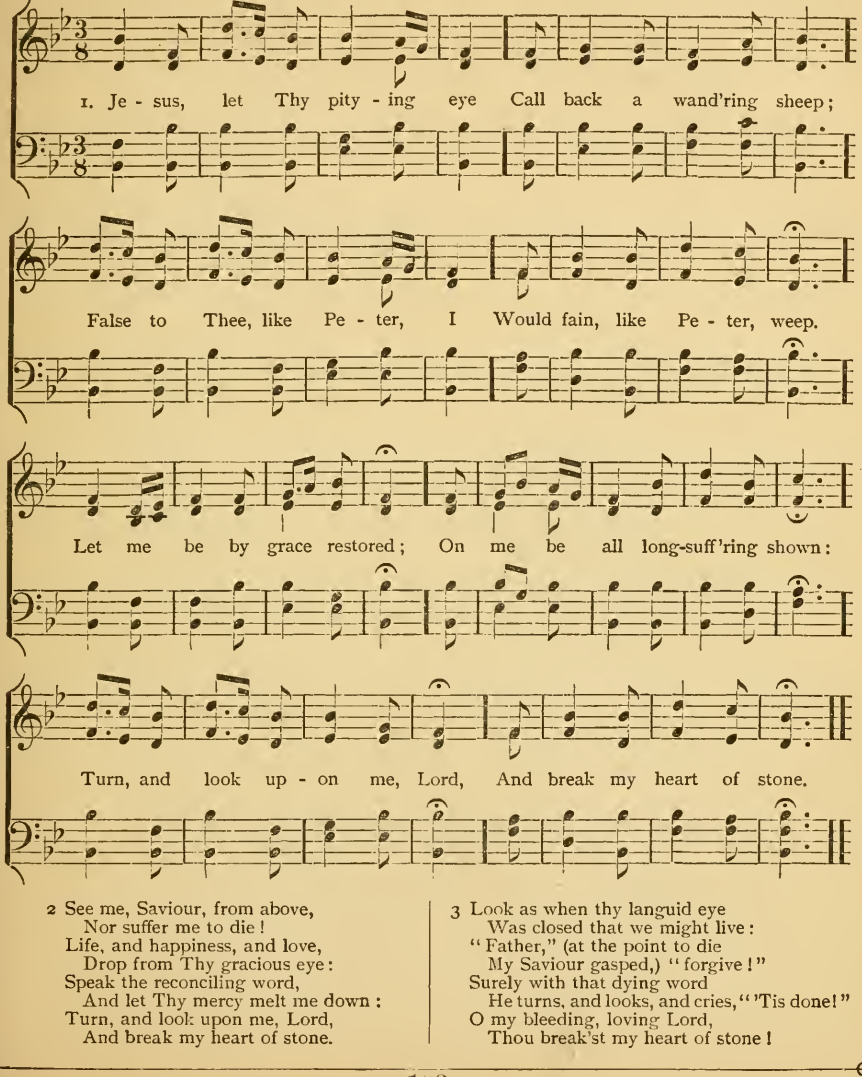


2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer
And pour the choral song.

3 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

142.—PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

CHAS. WESLEY. OAKLEY.

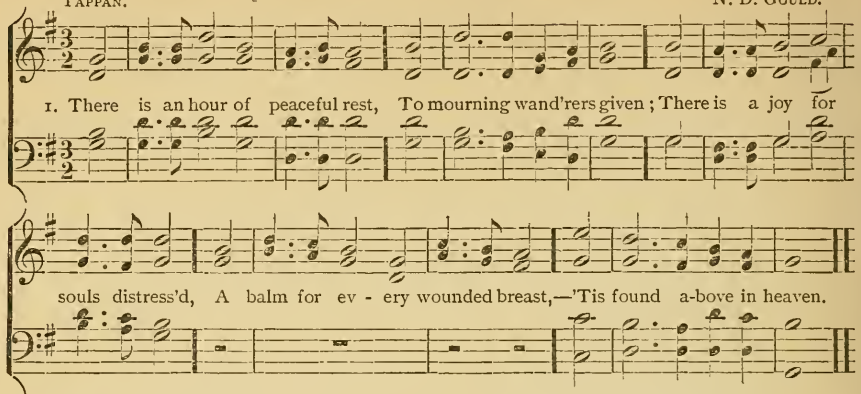


2 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from Thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 Look as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live:
"Father," (at the point to die
My Saviour gasped,) "forgive!"
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

143.—WOODLAND. C. M.

TAPPAN. N. D. GOULD.

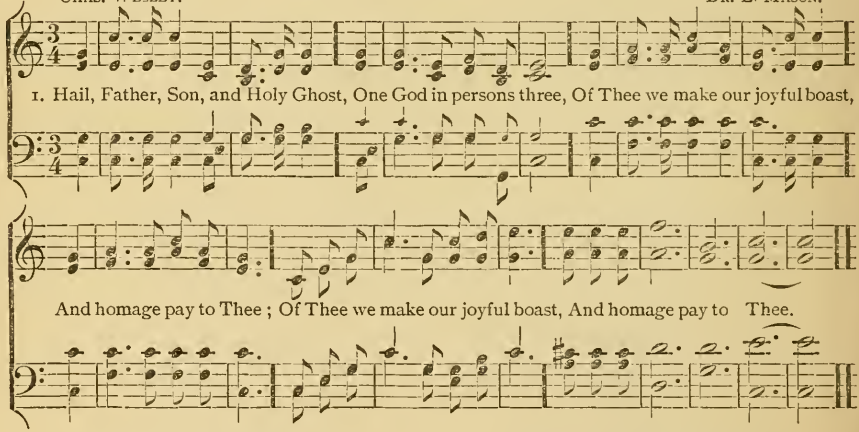


2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

144.—ZERAH. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. DR. L. MASON.

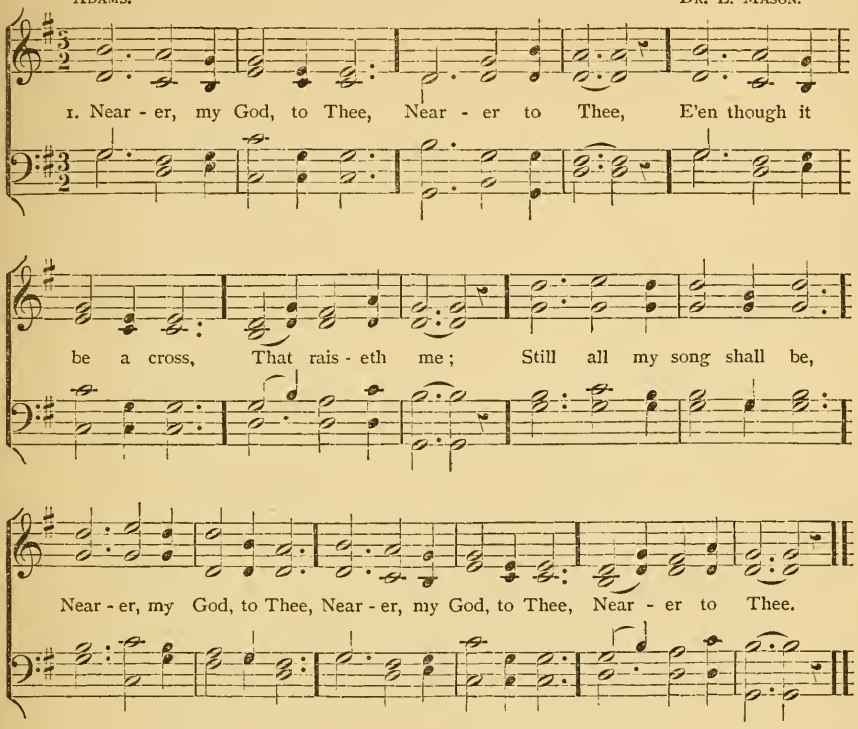


2 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore:
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwellest evermore.

3 Wherefore let every creature give
To Thee the praise designed;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts, of all mankind.

145.—BETHANY.

ADAMS. DR. L. MASON.



2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

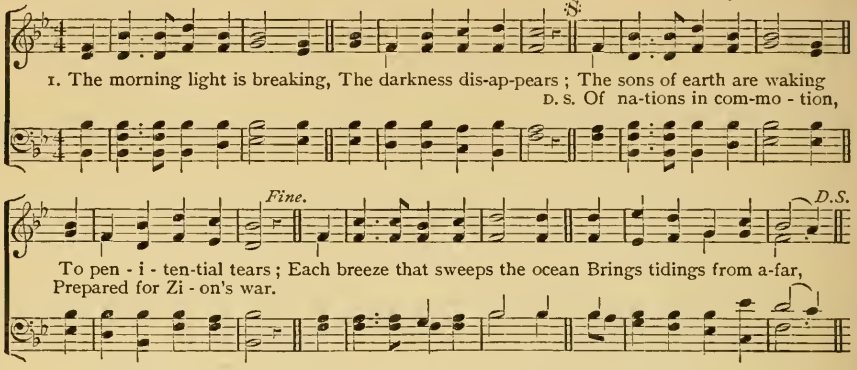
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

146.—WEBB. 7s & 6s.

S. F. Smith. Geo. J. Webb.

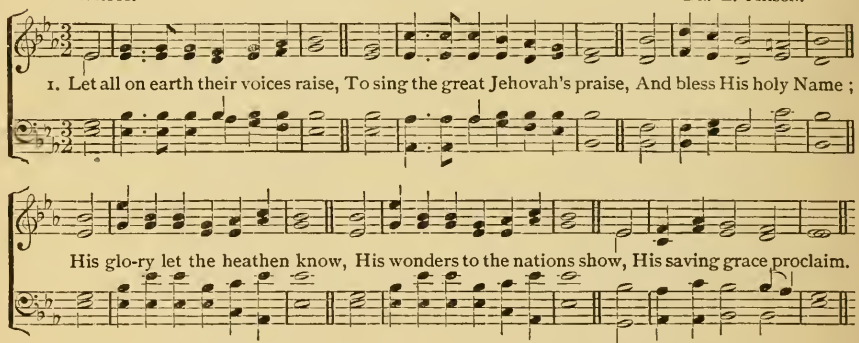


2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay :
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach thy home :
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

147.—MERIBAH. C. P. M.

Watts. Dr. L. Mason.



2 He framed the globe ; He built the sky ;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns in glory there :
His beams are majesty and light ;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His dwelling-place, how fair!

3 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel His saving power,
All nations fear His name :
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of His holiness,
His saving grace proclaim.

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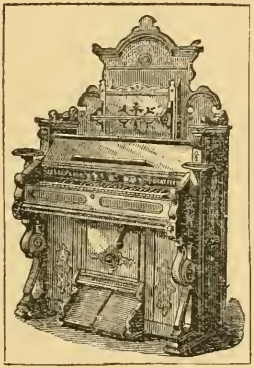

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